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To-day we print the third article on the War by "Vieille Moustache", an expert with special sources of information and an officer of very high standing and great experience in active service. This feature will be continued in the SATURDAY REVIEW from week to week.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is now officially declared that the English Expeditionary Force has landed on the Continent. Up to last Tuesday the successful passage of our Army had to be treated as an open secret, to be passed from one to another in confidence, but on no account to be printed. Here again the Press has been loyally reticent; and Lord Kitchener has expressly declared his gratitude for their silence. So far as we know, not one reference has been published in any newspaper to facts which for days were known to every editor in London; which were whispered to a large section of the public, and freely discussed upon the Continent. As to the way taken by our troops, the part of the Navy, and all details of an interesting military achievement, we must, as before, be content with the official declaration. "With the greatest possible precision and without a single casualty"—these phrases must for the moment describe for us the whole affair.

But there is excellent reading between the official lines. There has nowhere been a serious delay. All has run easily and well. This transport of an army has been smooth, swift and quiet. Who would have believed three weeks ago that within so brief a time the British Army would have sailed from our shores and would be playing an active part in a European campaign? We go back this week to Napoleon and the Great King. Less than a month ago we had been reckoned as out of military account so far as the first campaign in Europe was concerned. There is no doubt at all that the German Army never for a moment reckoned on meeting Great Britain in effective numbers in the first weeks of the war. This sudden re-opening

of the English book of military history upon the Continent is a great event. It is one of the cardinal events on which the future history of Europe must inevitably turn.

The moral effect of the arrival of our Army in time to share the first great battle of the war is unmeasured. It puts Great Britain in the front line. Our insularity is broken. It proclaims our resolution, more effectively than a hundred assurances and treaties, that we stand to win or lose in this war as much as those whose frontiers are broken and whose country is defiled. We have this week declared in the most eloquent way our unlimited liability. Hence we shall have to put into the war every possible effort. *We must make up our minds to sacrifices far greater than any made so far. The real pinch is yet to come.*

A high and splendid privilege belongs to all the families of the men and officers of this Expeditionary Force. No English Army has ever gone into the field so watched and welcomed by its allies as General French's—and one cannot read without being greatly stirred the account of its landing and of its leader's visit to Paris before he passed on to headquarters. The veil, lifted to show the Army in France, has been drawn down again, and we know nothing to-day of the movements of the Army. But this we do know—the men will carry out the instructions Lord Kitchener has issued. These instructions are so sterling in every sense—including that of literature—that we must give them here in full.

"You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country,

and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier. Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust. Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy. Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King". In short—the "Happy warrior . . . whom every man at arms would wish to be".

Now that the Expeditionary Force is fairly on its way to the front the business of preparing Lord Kitchener's second army becomes immediately pressing. Hence to all men between the ages of nineteen and thirty qualified to serve, and to their families, the question of service is the supreme question of to-day. A great number of these men qualified to serve will not want a word of advice. Their course appears to them perfectly clear. They will find no real obstacles, and they will enlist at once. But it would be useless and hypocrisy to affect that there are not, on the other hand, many young Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who do not in this matter to-day find the position so simple and the path of duty so direct and easy. We shall not lay down any such dogma as this: "Every Briton between the ages of nineteen and thirty who does not at once enlist in the new army is a skulker and a traitor to his country". Such propositions do not help on Lord Kitchener's great scheme. Lord Kitchener's own language is restrained. Perhaps it would be not unreasonable to put it in this way: "Every young Briton between the ages of nineteen and thirty who is not absolutely tied to his occupation at home at the present time through the necessity of supporting his wife and family should at once answer Lord Kitchener's call."

It would be difficult this week to record in detail every small engagement reported along a line of three hundred miles. We shall most surely avoid being perplexed and misled if we consider carefully the French official warning. "It should be realised", runs this very reticent history of the war, "that initial success at one point will almost inevitably be compensated by temporary failure at another, and that the main issue will only be decided by a final readjustment of the position of the contending armies after fighting which will almost certainly extend over many days". This "main issue" will not now be long delayed.

Two engagements were reported early in the week. The "battle" of Dinant in the south was fought last Saturday. It was said to be successful for the French troops, who drove the Germans out of the town and compelled them to fall back towards Rochefort. Three days later, however, an encounter at Tirlemont in the North ended in the Belgians falling back towards Antwerp. It is clear that in this region the Germans are steadily over-running the whole country. They have advanced in force beyond the Meuse between Liège and Namur and they have entered Brussels. The Belgian field army has fallen back after a desperate resistance, in which three regiments were almost annihilated.

The military correspondent of the "Times" has reminded us of Napoleon's saying: "There is no glory in entering the undefended capital of an enemy's country". There is no glory; and there is shame should the laws of war not be strictly respected. We cannot believe that the Germans will blot their honour by damage or insult in the Belgian capital. Its

occupation cannot otherwise be seriously regarded till we know precisely what part these Belgian operations play in the general scheme. The Belgian retreat is part of the general plan of the Allied forces. It was provided for in advance by the transferring of the Belgian Government to Antwerp. It has surprised and alarmed only those of the public who have disregarded the repeated warnings of every serious critic that a preliminary checking of the German advance never for one moment implied the simultaneous success of our arms along the whole frontier. How the campaign as a whole strikes the military expert—how little need there is for attaching importance to the German occupation of an undefended position—will be realised by our readers if they will at once turn to the article this week of Vieille Moustache.

The advance of German troops towards Antwerp may be set against the advance of French troops into Alsace and Luxemburg (though here the operations are less serious) and the advance of Russian troops into Galicia and Prussia. Germany, the aggressor, has so far only succeeded in securing neutral territory; whereas at several points Germany and Austria are deeply invaded. We do not insist upon these advantages. The time rapidly draws near when all this weighing of preliminary failure and success will seem grotesquely out of ratio. The great armies are closing.

Early on Wednesday a message was allowed to reach the public concerning our Fleet in the North Sea. It is best recorded in the official terms. "Some desultory fighting", we are told, "has taken place during the day between the British patrolling squadron and flotillas and German reconnoitring cruisers. No losses are reported or claimed. A certain liveliness is apparent in the southern area of the North Sea". This "liveliness" of the German cruisers is the counterpart on water of the liveliness of the German Uhlans on land. But the cruisers are not likely to range quite so venturously as the Uhlans. The story, so far, of the British Navy in this war is an uneventful story of entire success. It holds the sea for British commerce, and it held the sea for the passing of the British Army. These are mute victories which should not in justice fail of remembrance. The British fleet covered the transport of our Army without the loss of a single man. The full implication of this great success becomes apparent if for one moment we reflect on the possibility of a German fleet successfully landing an army upon British soil.

The full story has this week been published of the last moments of the "Amphion", destroyed on 5 August by striking a mine in the North Sea. The explosion shattered and fired the forepart of the ship and broke her back. The captain was struck senseless, but on recovering consciousness resumed command without a moment's hesitation. The men fell in on deck. There was no alarm or hurry. There was absolute discipline and composure. We read in this account the first proud chapter of the war by sea, disaster and death accepted and redeemed by courage and deft resource.

We must take an early opportunity to warn people against believing the story that the German nation is really split up into a war and anti-war section. We believe there is no truth in it; and it is just one of those stories that may lead to over-confidence and to belittling the striking power of our enemy. Mr. Hyndman insists that the Socialists in Germany are dead against the war, and Dr. Lucas has sent us this week an "appeal" from the "League of Humanity" in Berlin to the "League of Humanity" in this country, which runs as follows: "At last the clouds have burst. We cannot at this hour refrain from sending a message of fraternal greeting to you, who have foreseen and prepared for the carnage which must precede the inevitable overthrow of a military despotism

too long tolerated by millions of toilers crushed by its infernal weight. Nakedly revealing himself—as Hyndman, Vandervelde, and Blatchford have long and truly predicted—we see the Uncurbed Tyrant, surrounded by parasites, now directing the most desperate, devilish, and selfish campaign ever waged against humanity. With toilers in all lands we have no quarrel. To-day we extend our hands in heartiest friendship to every Belgian, French, and British democrat. We know that the internal revolution now proceeding in our midst will depose the Despot whose insatiable egotism is drenching Europe with the blood of its workers and wage-earners.” This is signed by six Germans whose names are not of great note.

We attach very little importance to this “appeal”, and we cannot say that its florid language is at all impressive. Germany is at war, and we must not forget that people in her midst—or who profess to be in her midst—intent on an “internal revolution” are very bad citizens indeed. We would not trust a word they say or do. Such people, with their weak and vehement language and trashy phrases, do not commend themselves to the British mind and character; and we hope that patriotic British people will give them not the smallest encouragement. Moreover, they are at most only an ineffectual handful. Germany is united at the present time—do not let us deceive ourselves in this matter. It is true that there is a part of the German people that did not want the war—Germans of refinement, of intellect, and of a sense of morality; and, as we have said before, this section will come to the front at the close, we hope. But it will not, we may be quite certain, embarrass Germany whilst the war lasts. It is made of sterner stuff.

The proclamation of the Tsar that Poland shall henceforth be a nation, free in religion and language, appeals at once to the imagination. It is a great act of statecraft, blending wise discretion and the open hand; putting the Russian cause level with the cause of her Allies in justice and breadth of view. Russia, in this, stands implacably bent upon narrowing the frontier of her enemy in the East. It is a challenge to her foe, flung without disguise. But consider for a moment the time and method of this proclamation, and compare with it the challenge of Germany. We have heard too much from some people in England of Russia as barbarous and primitive, and we shall have something to say of this at a later date. Meantime we would ask our readers to contemplate the dignity and grave strength of the Russian attitude in this crisis from first to last.

These qualities—qualities that enable us without hesitation or sense of the incongruous to talk of “Holy Russia”—were deeply impressed on the ceremonies this week at the Kremlin. “I seek, according to the custom of my ancestors, to strengthen the forces of my soul in the sanctuaries of Moscow.” We feel, in reading these words of the Tsar, how hopeless is the enterprise of that other Emperor who has arrayed against his arms the West and the East—the freedom, comfort and liberty of France and England and the impassioned mysticism of all the Russians. Our enemies are in the name of absolute power fighting all the great forces whereby Europe for three centuries has lived.

Japan has entered the war this week with an ultimatum to Germany to evacuate Kiaochau and already the ultimatum has been refused. Japan may therefore be regarded as an active belligerent. Kiaochau is eventually to be handed to China under the arrangement contemplated by the ultimatum. Japan and Great Britain are acting cordially together, an agreement having been reached that the Japanese Government shall not act in the Pacific Ocean beyond the China Seas, nor beyond Asiatic waters to the West. These assurances have convinced the United States that they may watch the intervention of Japan without anxiety.

The intervention of Japan has been wisely contrived to avoid any suggestion that Japan intends to go further than is justified by the terms of her English alliance. This is admirable; not only correct, but in the long run politic for England and her friends. It is, perhaps, absurd to talk at this stage of “localising” the war; but it is surely unnecessary to run the risk of any sort of complication in the Pacific. We hope the Japanese representatives in London will continuously impress this on their Government.

Reuter’s message—and Reuter is a news agency that can be trusted, which cannot be said for every news agency—leaves no doubt that the British Consul at Dantzig and his wife had a really awful journey from Dantzig to Flushing. They were half-starved, brutally handled, and even their lives were menaced. We do not believe that treatment such as this has been general, and in some instances the Germans behaved to English officials on the declaration of war with marked courtesy. But, in any case, over this Dantzig business we are not going to pay off Germany in kind. All German and Austrian people in this country who are living quiet and innocent lives must be treated with strict courtesy. We are convinced they will be; and we are glad to notice that one of the most popular papers in London, with a great circulation among the people, puts this point firmly and fearlessly—the “Evening News”. The actual spies and the suspects who hang about railway bridges and arches and public waterworks and other public buildings must, of course, be stamped out.

Belgium is now almost wholly a battlefield. It follows that newspaper correspondents have this week been virtually “interned”. No correspondents are allowed with the Allied forces in the theatre of war, and the Foreign Office has asked the Belgian Government to order their departure from Belgian soil. Every day there is less news. Even rumour is strangled. The public must resolve to acquiesce in this. It is wholly an advantage that the area of the correspondent tends to be more restricted as the war proceeds. It is clearly impossible to allow any really important facts to become public till the incidents to which they refer are officially closed. In view of this, correspondents have lately filled their dispatches with personal narratives, very few of which were worth the trouble they cost to obtain. The military censorship must be stern and strict. We entirely agree with the writer of the weekly diary of the war in this REVIEW.

Pius X. was by origin a peasant, by vocation a saint—ever simple and kind. The present writer recalls meeting him as Archbishop of Venice twelve years ago; and he does not seem to have been altered by the Vatican. Even in those days on the Adriatic he seemed an old man, but none then foresaw his promotion, least of all himself. One remembers him a true provincial—perceptibly he spoke the soft Venetian dialect—who knew Venetia well and the rest of the world not at all. Although politics were little to him, he longed for the restoration of the lost provinces of Italy Irredenta. His death at this moment has, therefore, the quality of tragedy. His other great desire, the rebuilding of the Campanile at Venice, was gratified.

His Papacy will write itself in history as one in which the Catholic Church gained ground. Always he resisted the worldly forces of to-day. He made no contract with despoilers of the Church. He would not accept modernism. His intellectual power has often been underrated because it did not work in modern ways; but he was universally loved, and not only by those of his own communion; and perhaps the sterling uprightness of his character was as precious at the Vatican as any of the qualities of Richelieu. His greatness of mind, not less than his simple holiness of character, will appear in history.

LEADING ARTICLES.

GREAT BRITAIN TO THE FRONT.

THE extraordinary event of the week has been the landing of an English army on the Continent. How extraordinary that event is we realise on turning our minds back a few months, a few weeks even, and trying to imagine how we should have regarded such an idea then. We should all, except the people who have visions or dream fairy tales, have agreed that the idea was fantastic—a Radical Government in power; Lord Kitchener Secretary of State for War and in the Cabinet; Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George popular war ministers; and last, most amazing of all, an English army on French soil and marching to the front to the succour of Europe. It is like a return to the days of Pitt, and to the period when English gold and English troops and the Balance of Power were the supreme actualities in our home politics. History has repeated itself with a tremendous emphasis; and, in repeating, has thrown in new and strange features, such as that of Liberals, Radicals, Conservatives, Labour representatives, and peace-at-almost-any-price politicians going together into the struggle with the common feeling that the cause is just and the leadership sound. We are convinced of the sincerity of this general feeling. It is perfectly clear. But now that a British army is actually on Continental soil, welcomed by the French people, and awaited with high enthusiasm by the Belgian and French troops, we want—all of us who think at all want—to look at the cause of war once more, and be assured once more that it is absolutely good.

Could the war, so far as this country is concerned, have been avoided? If it could, then any person with common sense who takes that view must have grave doubts, to say the least, about this military stroke by Great Britain. Apparently here and there a few people have a lurking doubt whether the British part in the war was quite inevitable. A correspondent whom we know as a thorough patriot—and incidentally we may say that he has been a good Conservative all his life—writes to us this week suggesting that Sir Edward Grey as a Liberal and strong advocate of peace should have foreseen the danger to British peace that lay in the arrangement about the neutrality of Belgium and have withdrawn this country from the entanglement. He does not, of course, suggest for a moment that Sir Edward Grey and the Government should have listened to the proposals of Germany the other day, and to save their skins have struck a thieves' bargain with her or have thrown over the Belgian neutrality arrangement then: what he suggests is that Sir Edward Grey and the Government should have gone out of the arrangement well before this crisis came. They failed to do it, he says, and now see the plight in which they, as Liberals and ardent advocates of this country keeping out of European quarrels, have landed themselves! We know our correspondent is perfectly honest in what he says, and certainly English thought and feeling generally for many years past have been against our entering into wars over Continental questions. The country would, for instance, not have allowed Great Britain to go into the Balkan War. It would not have suffered any Government to take up the case of the Greeks, or of the Finns, or of any "little country struggling to be free". If Bosnia's case against being absorbed by Austria had been far stronger than it was, the public would not have agreed to our declaring war against Austria, still less to our landing a British army on the Continent to protect Bosnia. None but ultra-sentimentalists would have played with the idea of such a cause. It would be hypocrisy, and absurd hypocrisy, to pretend otherwise.

But the present case is utterly different. The point about Belgium's neutrality and the war to-day is this—that if we had gone out of the arrangement or renounced the treaty before this crisis came, even years ago, we should not by that means have escaped from war with Germany. It is conceivable that we might have put off the evil day for a while. Probably we

should not have put it off: probably we should have hastened it on, Germany interpreting such a move on our part as leave to her to strike at France, even as an invitation to her to strike at France. But even assume that by clearing ourselves of the arrangement we should have kept out of a war at this moment with Germany, war with Germany must not the less have come soon after the clash between Germany and France came. The Germany of 1914 is not the Germany of 1870. Germany has built a big fleet at immense expense to acquire world and colonial power and to rival Great Britain on the sea. This is an obvious and known fact that every intelligent and candid person accepts. The German fleet was not built that she might defend herself from Russia, or cross the frontier into France, or merely dominate the Baltic. It was built with an eye, a never sleeping eye and mind, to British waters. Germany and Great Britain of late years have openly built against each other. For years past now it has been quite frank and above board. Great Britain has not built in order to strike at German colonies and possessions abroad—they can hardly be said to exist, or at any rate they are mainly of potential value, though at the close of the war we may, through force of circumstances, have to administer them. She has built in order that she may keep her own Colonies and possessions abroad. Germany has forced Great Britain to build and keep on building on a great scale for the sake of her Empire, her ocean-borne commerce, and the defence of her home shores and the policing of her near home waters. These facts are really not disputed—all intelligent German people know them and probably as a rule admit them freely enough among themselves. Therefore, Belgium or no Belgium, we should have been driven a little sooner or a little later into the absolutely inevitable war with Germany when the clash with France came. The German fleet in such a case off our east coast or in or anywhere near the Channel could only mean war with Great Britain. No diplomatic ingenuity could dodge it.

Therefore we cannot see—nor, we believe, can anyone else—how Sir Edward Grey could have done better than he has in his handling of affairs. He might have done, on the other hand, a vast deal worse. He has managed to expose, by patience and cool and firm handling, the full meaning and resolve of the German policy of aggression. He secured in black and white the German proposals for a deal with this country over Belgium and France which raised a hue and cry of absolutely righteous indignation—natural and transparently sincere—throughout the world. It is very likely, of course, that any highly capable Foreign Minister might have done this—Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery could scarcely have failed in a like case, for Germany has really shown herself strangely maladroit, her foreign statesmen appearing in this matter to be little short of blunderheads. Still, none the less we should be ready to do full credit to Sir Edward Grey for his work. It stands the test of criticism however often and closely we look into it.

Our army has landed in France and gone to the front, then, with the approval and acclaim of the whole nation, because the case—and the necessity—of Great Britain against the German aggression is complete and overwhelming. If the country had not clearly recognised that the war with Germany was absolutely inevitable, this Expeditionary Force could never have started. Neither the Liberal nor the Conservative Party—still less the two combined—would for a moment agree to any British Government going into a war on the Continent from purely politico-sentimental or vague and doubtful cosmopolitan motives, or for military adventure and prowess, or for the interesting but highly abstruse and technical theory of the Balance of Power. The days for such deeds have gone for ever. Our people do not profess to be romantic crusaders. Great Britain immensely admires the gallantry of the Belgian nation, and deeply sympathises with its hard case, and is happy to fight on its side. To have met favourably in any way the proposal of the German Chancellor that we should strike

a thieves' bargain over Belgium would have been an exceedingly disgraceful thing, as we felt bound to inform the contributor in, the "Daily News" last week who suggested that we should have done so had it suited our book. But in this great struggle we are striking in the cause of other things besides the Belgian neutrality treaty. We are striking in the cause of national honour, it is true; but it also happens we are striking on the instinct of self-preservation. We urge our readers never for a second, whilst intellectually and impartially examining white and blue books and diplomatic correspondence and overhauling the whole history of the crisis, to lose their grip on this great outstanding fact and truth. If it should turn out that everything which Germany and Austria say about the Greater Serbian plot and the part of Russia in that affair was fully justified, this case of ours, this instinct of ours for self-preservation would not be an atom less strong. Forget Belgium—the most gallant nation in the world to-day—as completely as Bosnia is forgotten at this time. Make light even—as the violent cynicism of the German Chancellor made light—of the Belgian "Scrap of Paper", the supreme necessity for this country nevertheless to prevent Germany from crushing France and dominating in the Channel itself remains unaffected. It is this plain elemental necessity which forces us to send our army into France and to await in the North Sea the German fleet, and which puts into our hearts and minds to-day the proud line of Swinburne—

"Strike, England, and strike home".

THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE.

THE conduct of America since war was declared has deeply impressed our people. It has especially impressed those who are not entirely ignorant of American history. To the public at large a warning is necessary. It is neither wise nor just to take for granted, without comment or pleasure frankly declared, the cordial sympathy existing at this time between Great Britain and the United States. We must not assume that this cordiality was diplomatically inevitable. America's sympathy for Great Britain at this moment pierces deeper than current diplomacy. More than this, it pierces deeper than the prevalent and facile assumption that there can arise no barrier between us. It is too clearly upon record that America and Great Britain have not always agreed. Within the memory of this generation—so we were once informed by the late Sir George Baden Powell—America and Great Britain were actually at point of war. Those who regard it as unthinkable that the two peoples should ever be at serious issue even for the gravest reasons should realise that the two peoples very nearly came to blows years ago on account of certain fisheries in the Behring Straits. We shall best be able to realise the importance of America's attitude to-day—an attitude we warmly welcome and seriously respect—if we regard America as an independent Power, not necessarily connected with ourselves, whose interests have often conflicted with our own; if, in a word, we do not take America for granted. Not only shall we thereby measure her policy to-day more accurately; we shall also measure it more generously, and give to it the credit it deserves. They are wrong who, regarding it as quite inevitable that America and England should automatically stand together, have accepted the warm appreciation of our cause in the United States to-day as a foregone necessity. Those who think it impossible that America and Great Britain should ever disagree have necessarily been less profoundly impressed than they should by America's friendly and cordial bearing at the present time. They have assumed that America must needs look at the conduct of Germany from the same angle as ourselves; and they have accepted it as in the nature of things that America should be stirred to indignation by an attack of Germany upon Great Britain. Needless to say this assumption is quite wrong, or, at any rate, superficial.

It is, indeed, precisely because America and Great Britain have not always seen eye to eye in the past, and precisely because the political interests of America have not always been British interests, that the spontaneous enthusiasm for Great Britain in America to-day is so gratifying and remarkable.

America, in fact, has been swept by moral indignation. We have witnessed a sudden conviction of the American public that Great Britain and her Allies are fighting on behalf of the civilised world to destroy a false and brutal idea. This conviction has for the moment transcended all thought of where ultimately self-interest lies in this affair. Again and again this war has confuted the gloomy prophets who have rashly brought indictments against whole nations and classes. We have suddenly realised that Great Britain is not wholly a land of shops; that the United States is not wholly a land of the dollar. America is firmly united with Great Britain to-day in feeling that the Will to Power of a nation which has thrust honour and justice from the way of its ambition is a grave and instant menace to the whole world. The great question for America in the first days of the war was broadly and seriously this: Did America desire that the will and spirit of England should prevail over the will and spirit of Prussia in Europe and upon the sea? This great question, at once perceived as a deeply moral question, was answered at once in a unanimous resolution of friendly neutrality. Into this resolution, declared and echoed in speeches and journals over the entire width of the American continent, there entered hardly a trace of material calculation. It was not a decision of pounds and shillings. There was not really time for calculating the ledger chances, for looking into all the possible complications of the war. Scarcely was war declared when the American public declared for Great Britain with one voice. War had come swiftly on the heels of Sir E. Grey's rejection of Germany's Belgian proposal; but the news of that proposal had already made its effect in New York.

We are not writing now of the official attitude of President Wilson and the American Government, but of the frank, irrepressible feeling of the American people. This feeling, however unofficial it may be, is an important factor, and it must deeply affect the ultimate course of events. There is clearly at this moment a community of sentiment between America and Great Britain more real than any we have known for a generation—a community on which we may reckon to help us through the difficulties this war may raise in every part of the world. The sympathy of the American people for the enemies of Prussian militarism must deeply influence the diplomatic counsels of the Government at Washington. The attitude of the American Government has, of course, throughout been quite impeccable. President Wilson reads the laws of neutrality as scrupulously as he read the obligations of the United States in respect of the Panama Canal. He has even declared that it would be a violation of the neutrality of America if American bankers were to lend money to any one of the belligerent Powers. This precise impartiality of the official Government does not in any way take from the enormous importance of the fact that the American nation at large is entirely in sympathy with Great Britain. Quite naturally President Wilson is anxious to behave with the utmost rigour of diplomatic good form. He has been nothing if not correct. But the barriers of diplomatic decorum, so far as the public is concerned, have broken down. There are even signs that the public is inclined to chafe against the President's extreme precision.

This, then, may well be one of the consequences of the war—that a friendship may ensue between ourselves and the United States which will importantly influence the diplomatic history of the future. This friendship has begun in sincere popular feeling, and there is no pressing reason why it should be now imperilled. Several immediate questions where it was possible for disagreement to intrude are likely to be less insistent in the future. We may regard the Panama question as virtually settled. The Panama

Canal has just been opened to the trade of the world on the fair terms for which President Wilson has so admirably striven. As to Mexico, we have agreed to leave the political field free for the United States to act in their own convenient time and way. There is a third question. Now that European war has at home suspended the Irish problem, we may reasonably hope that Irish-Americans—a really grave source of friction and hostility on account of their incalculable power to influence American public opinion—will no longer act as a perpetually anti-British factor in the policy of America. In every direction there seems to be prepared a way of friendship and approach. All the machinery of diplomatic goodwill is now in order; and the energy of this goodwill has in these last weeks been abundantly measured. From the American Colony in London, which has actually beheld the "mailed fist" lifted to strike, to New York and Washington there is a new confidence in England and an undoubted enthusiasm for the cause of her Allies.

The value of this informal approach of America and England has already been severely tested, and it has satisfactorily survived the test. Japan has definitely come into the field with an ultimatum to Germany to evacuate Kiaochau. It is idle to pretend that this step is favourably regarded in the United States. Distrust of Japan is perhaps the deepest inspiration of American policy. There is nothing to be gained by slurring a difficulty which every interested party so clearly perceives. Japan is acting against Germany as the ally of England; but Japan cannot move politically an inch without at once raising in America profound uneasiness. There is at once a strained attention to her slightest manœuvre. Nevertheless it has this week clearly appeared that distrust of Japan is at the moment less forcible in America than confidence in England. Great Britain has approved the conduct of Japan. The movements of Japan are by agreement to be strictly limited to certain areas; and Japan has demanded Kiaochau not for herself but for restoration to the Chinese Government. Great Britain having virtually guaranteed these arrangements, the United States are ready to accept the position. The deep significance of this acquiescence of the United States cannot be exaggerated. A prominent American newspaper even goes so far as to make the entrance of Japan into the war the occasion of an article expressing cordial thankfulness that Japan is in this affair the ally of England rather than the ally of Germany! One thing may safely be asserted. Only as the ally of Great Britain would Japan be calmly suffered to ride the Pacific as a belligerent Power. Japanese assurances at Washington have this week been accepted in the flush of a perfect confidence that Great Britain and her Allies are embarked in a just and necessary war; and that none of them is to be suspected or feared. It is felt that all are fighting in a cause to which they are resolved to be steadfastly loyal to the end—a protest against selfish might and grab.

No surer foundation for an enduring trust and friendship between nations could be desired. It is a foundation on which the future may immovably be reared after these present disasters.

A REFORMED EUROPE.

IN our issue of 8 August appeared a remarkable letter, written immediately after the outbreak of war: in the initials of the writer may be recognised one of the most brilliant journalists of to-day. It was a plea for the remodelling of Europe on the lines of race and language, in the event of the Allies' success in the field. To Russia was suggested the advisability of settling once and for all the great question of Poland. The Tsar was urged to issue a proclamation promising, if Russian arms are victorious, to restore the boundaries of the ancient Polish realm, including in it the Russian and Austrian provinces; to grant a constitution to the new State; and to bind it to Russia by ties of affection and common interest. The author of this letter has now the satisfaction of finding that what he regarded as a master-

stroke of policy has since appealed in the same light to the Tsar's Government. The plan suggested is, in principle and in detail, precisely the plan adopted by St. Petersburg. The Tsar has issued a proclamation to his own Polish subjects, and also to those of the two Germanic Powers, in which he definitely pledges himself, if successful in war, to reconstitute the old Polish kingdom, and to grant it, under the Russian sceptre, complete autonomy, religious freedom, and the unrestricted use of the national tongue.

No more momentous step has been taken in Europe for a century past. Let us not make the mistake, so constantly repeated by the German enemy, of selling the bear's skin while the beast still lives. Germany and Austria will have to be very badly beaten indeed before they submit to the great dismemberment implied in the restoration of the Polish kingdom. It means to Germany the loss of the great province of Posen, bringing Berlin within 150 miles of a foreign and probably permanently unfriendly frontier. On the east the Prussian border will be pushed back almost to the limits of the Mark of Brandenburg, which was the germ of the Hohenzollern dominion; while Austria would lose Galicia. The two Empires, it may be taken for granted, will not surrender between them some sixty thousand square miles of territory unless they are crushed to the very earth. But that may come. It is certain, after this step, that the war must be to the death. The three Empires, despite jarring interests in other directions, have hitherto been bound together by their complicity in the partition of Poland. Since the last Polish king, Stanislaus II., was dispossessed, and his kingdom vivisected, nearly 150 years ago, the partakers of the spoils have looked on the suppression of Polish nationality as a common interest. Their diplomacy has consistently resented and disregarded any representations from the Western European Powers. Russia regarded with approval the cold Prussian tyranny which, after a century and a half, secures for the Kaiser the silence of death when he rides through the streets of Posen. Germany applauded every successive step taken by St. Petersburg to Russify the Vistula provinces. Both were rather inclined to condemn the comparative mildness of the yoke laid by Vienna on its Polish subjects, who have gained a power in their own country which has to some extent reconciled them to the Habsburg sovereignty.

Now the bond of common interest is ruptured, and it is hard to see how in any circumstances the traditional policy of the three Emperors can be effectively resumed. Doubts may be cast on the sincerity of the Russian pledge. But, viewing the question in all its lights, it would appear that Russia's interest is deeply concerned in the success of the Polish scheme. She is not waging a war which must tax to the utmost her vast human resources, and must impose an almost intolerable burden on her finances, merely for the sake of defending her frontiers. For her, as for the rest of Europe, safety can only be found in a severe clipping of the German and Austrian eagles' wings. She must, if she can, limit the dangers of further attack; and a triumphant war must lead to drastic rectification of the Russo-German and Russo-Austrian frontiers. Yet—this must be clear to Russian statesmen—the Powers of Western Europe could hardly rejoice if the chief result of the downfall of Prussian militarism should be to erect a Cossack colossus in its place. Sentiment apart, therefore, the resurrection of Poland would seem the most practical and commonsense way of solving problems created by a signal Russian victory. The liberation of the Poles and the creation of what in some sense would be a buffer State, would disarm the democracies of England, France, Italy and America, and go far to extinguish traditional suspicions of the aims of Russian policy. Those suspicions have for years been largely based on misunderstanding, for Russia has for a full generation been far less a menace than her western neighbour to the peace of Europe, and such tendencies to adventurous policy as she has shown have been displayed

rather in Asia than on the Continent. The pledge she has now given is as much a pledge to her Allies as to the Poles themselves; and there is no ground for suspecting her of insincerity. Any clear-sighted Russian must, in fact, perceive the policy of a certain liberalisation of Russian methods when she takes her place in a remodelled Europe.

We do not mean at all that such liberalisation must proceed on the lines of British constitutionalism. It is true that the Prussian monarchy has framed a mighty indictment against itself, and superficial people may be inclined to extend that indictment to all monarchies of the autocratic or semi-autocratic type. That is a mistake. The Kaiser and his advisers could never have brought such a catastrophe on Europe if they had not been supported by the bulk of the German people, and especially by the educated middle classes. Germany has for years been drunk with pride and giddy with ambition. The sight of English prosperity has been gall and wormwood not only to the Delbrücks and the Treitschkes, the Kiderlin-Waechters and the Bernhards, but to the great shippers of Hamburg and Bremen, the manufacturers of Chemnitz and Crefeld, and the shopkeepers of Berlin. There may be simple Bavarian and Saxon villagers to whom the destruction of "Carthage" or the humiliation of the French had little appeal; but the teeming town populations have for years regarded love of the Fatherland as synonymous with hatred of the Fatherland's neighbours. War, here and now, against half the world, they probably did not want; but they did want to profit by other people's fear of war, awaiting meanwhile the appropriate opportunity for crushing each rival in detail. That is the real secret of the power of the poisonous brood round Germany's imperial throne. There is no evidence at all to suggest the existence of so dangerous a state of public opinion in Russia, and no reason to fear that Russian autocracy, given the chance, would tread the same path of brutal aggression. We may, therefore, very well wait for the natural development of constitutional government in Russia, certain that if it does not develop more or less unconsciously it is not suited to the genius of the people. What we mean rather is that Russia will be wise if she insists more on real union among her peoples and less on the mechanical symmetry of a strictly centralised Government. If the Polish question is satisfactorily solved, there is no reason why the far simpler problem of Finland should not be finally disposed of. The writer, who knows Finland well, is assured that the Tsar has, at bottom, no more faithful subjects than those in whom Alexander III. found both warm affection and passionate loyalty. English sympathisers with Finland have too often, in their admiration for a cultivated and progressive people, ignored the plain fact that there is something to say for the Russian as well as the Finnish point of view. In England, the existence of a frontier, say, a few miles west of Reading would be regarded as a distinct inconvenience, and the knowledge that behind that frontier existed a pertinacious and active opposition to every English influence would stir up determination to abridge some of the privileges of the vassal State. The fact that the name of King George was as popular in Bath or Bristol as in London itself would hardly affect the main issue. Such a parallel may not excuse the brusque methods of Russian officialdom, but it does help to explain the Russian view of the Finnish question. But if the Finns, encouraged by the spectacle of a great act of justice and reparation to the Poles, lose their dread of "Russification", there is no reason why the problem of the Grand Duchy should not be solved permanently and to the satisfaction of both parties. Russia might be assured of the safety of her essential interests in Finland, while the Finns might look with less dismay on the whittling-away of time-honoured privileges which occasion some inconvenience in these days of rapid travel and extended commerce. It will not be the least of the benefits attaching to a triumph of the Allied arms if the question of Finland, as well as that of Poland, ceases to be an ever-present preoccupation in the councils of St. Petersburg.

THE DOMINIONS.

LESS than a month of war has made it clear that the British Empire is a great reality. A crisis in which England is fighting for her life has called her scattered dominions about her with one idea. We are proud and glad of the instant answer to a question which was never asked; but we expected no less. We have never worried about colonial "loyalty", because we knew it was ready when wanted; but none the less it would be graceless in ourselves simply to take it for granted.

A mere record of these offers is a catalogue of the major resources of the British Empire. Canada has offered so many men for active service on the Continent that the military authorities are embarrassed by their number; it is an echo on a larger scale of the offer of the older and then disunited provinces on the Saint Lawrence of a regiment in the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny. Not less welcome, since we need food as well as men, has been the promise of a million bags of flour for British consumption and a half-million bushels of oats from the young province of Alberta for our forces in the field. The women of Canada are supplying a hospital ship; and not less significant than these generous gifts is the fact that Dominion party politics, which have been hardly less bitter than those of Westminster, have been suspended by mutual consent. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has honourably forgotten his late hesitations as to the part which the Dominion should play in a war that does not involve the invasion of Canada. He and his French Canadians have rallied as one man to the side of the British in a fight where British and French are allied. The New World in this matter follows with a natural sympathy the politics of the old, and the meeting of the Canadian Parliament this week has shown the Dominion ready for action.

Australia, too, is sending men—many of them seasoned campaigners from the Boer War. Of late years she has put her military affairs in order, and we shall not have long to wait before the young Australian Fleet and Army find the opportunity of active service in a Pacific campaign against the German colonies in New Guinea and the neighbouring archipelagoes, which should be added to the Commonwealth territory of Papua for administrative purposes. Following Canada, Australia is also considering the very substantial offer of a million sheep to Britain; and emphatic protests have been made against the holding of the General Election, which was planned before the war broke out. Unfortunately it seems impossible to avoid a contest, which will be fought with little spirit on points that have now shrunk to pettiness in view of larger issues. For the moment there are neither Liberal nor Labour men in Australia, but only men of the Empire.

New Zealand, always Imperial, is offering a food ship, and the Labour Party in that Dominion has determined to equip a Labour regiment of its own for active service. There is no cant of anti-patriotism about the Labour Party in Australasia.

South Africa has released the British troops from garrison duty—a course which the Union Government protested against when they were consulted a year ago at a time when those troops were required to strengthen the Army of Occupation in Egypt. No doubt the somewhat leisurely progress of the South African Citizen Army will be hastened in the present need. Volunteers also are coming forward for active service; and we believe that the one product of South Africa which we need—bar gold—will be exported only to England during the crisis. South Africa, too, already sees an opportunity which it missed thirty years ago. The hunger for land, which is a common appetite of both British and Boer, will be fed by two German colonies. Rhodesia looks to German East Africa, whose acquisition will provide an easy road to the sea and South-West Africa will give the Boers an opportunity for a last Great Trek into the wilderness where previous treks have failed. Namaqualand and Damaraland should presently round off the Union of South Africa with a geographical completeness that is at present lacking.

The West Indies have shown their desire to help an Empire which has not always treated them too generously. They can best help us at this moment by helping themselves. One of the great needs of British manufacturers and householders at this time is sugar—an industry we have too long neglected and handed over to the Continent. The more the West Indians cultivate the sugar-cane the better it will be for us and them. We feel sure that the Colonial Office will recognise that the opportunity has at last come to put the whole business of sugar production on a sound basis. It is an essential of life, and an essential that we can again grow from our own resources within the Empire.

From India has come a spontaneous cry of loyalty. There have been many on the Continent who have counted, not without joy, on the prospect of trouble in India and Egypt at a time of European crisis. In the former country, at least, the event has disproved their calculations. So far as Egypt is concerned, prompt steps are being taken to combat the undoubted German intrigues in Cairo and Alexandria.

Beyond doubt the Germans have deceived themselves in this matter. Before the Boer War they expected the British Empire's fall, and even went so far as to believe certain predictions of its impending disruption which were inspired more by sensation than knowledge, and prophecies of this kind have been popular in Berlin these many years. The Colonial contingents in the Boer War surprised and impressed them, but their meaning was first minimised and then forgotten. Then came the long period of apparent Imperial stagnation or even reaction, frankly rejoiced over in Germany; but the real meaning of the temporary subsidence of militant British Imperialism after 1902, which was caused by our own absorption in home affairs in England and the emergence of the new spirit of Colonial nationalism in Canada and Australia, was entirely misunderstood in Berlin. Politicians there assumed that the new Colonial nationalism was the prelude to schism and eventual rebellion. They were frankly incredulous when they were assured that it was a mere stage of growth, and that the difficulties which accompanied that movement were the natural restlessness of the British Empire as its Colonies advanced from youth to manhood. They pointed eagerly to the new Australian Army and the beginning of the Australian Navy; they followed—without understanding—the indeterminate naval controversy in Canada and the temporary popularity of M. Bourassa in Quebec; they had high hopes of Indian unrest becoming unmanageable; and they set great store by General Hertzog's "two-streams" policy in South Africa. General Hertzog may not love the British, but he has made it clear that he prefers us to the Germans. Everybody in South Africa knows the story of the Boer pastor who returned from German territory with the remark that he had sooner live under British martial law in Cape Colony than under German civil law in South-West Africa.

We do not blame the Germans for not understanding certain tendencies in the British Empire which Englishmen themselves have not always immediately grasped; nor were they wrong in making the most of the free criticism which Briton and Colonial employ when speaking of each other. But they were wrong in missing the whole spirit of our Imperial relations, in ignoring such things as the Imperial Defence Conferences because their proceedings were secret and their conclusions not published to the world, and in imagining that the Australian Fleet would some day be used against Great Britain. Their error of judgment was the same here as in their verdict upon our Irish troubles at home. They imagined that these internal differences were fundamental, and that they would continue in the presence of an enemy bent on destroying the Empire and its policy together. They have, by this, realised their error to the full.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 3) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"And gentlemen of England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap."

WHAT a cheer must have gone up from our brave little Army when it found its legs resting on foreign soil to carry out the will of the nation and maybe to save the future of the Empire. What thousands of our manhood left on the mother-soil but feel jealous of the opportunity of sharing in the task before them. They may take comfort. Their time may come, but not yet awhile. One wants something more than heart and will before men can be launched across the seas to share in the honourable fame that awaits our soldiers. To join in their thousands, to train long and assiduously to arms, to learn the discipline of both field and camp—that is the duty of every Briton worthy of the name. With rare foresight Lord Kitchener has appealed for 500,000 more men. Well does he know that the country must have means to anticipate losses due to both victory and defeat; for our military organisation has totally ignored the necessity of providing adequate means for sustained effort in war. Nerves will win in this war. Few realise what a terrible strain upon the mental faculties is imposed upon both leaders and led. Education has turned the old-time dullard soldier who could neither read nor write into a thinking machine in the place of the passive piece of automatic mechanism he once was. With the constant work, day in, night in, upon the brain the strain upon the system of nerves is of a severity unknown to peace folk. Doubly so must our gallant sailors find this trial. Wars in this twentieth century are a drug in the market. They seem the pastime of Christian peoples. Four wars of magnitude in fourteen years! *Para Bellum! Para Bellum!* is the war cry of the epoch. Our new Army of 100,000 Regulars when sufficiently trained may be called upon to take on a fresh war for all we know. This very week may see fresh nations in the field measuring swords to wipe out old defeats or insults, marching gaily into battle to the echoes of the refrain bequeathed by that imposture of an orchestra, the Concert of Europe.

Italy, with the self-inflicted sore that licks up 30,000 of her sons in Tripoli, may well hesitate to throw her sea and land forces into the mighty fray that is staged upon her northern frontier. A quarter-million Moslem fighters await but an opportunity to regain the territory ruthlessly torn from them. It is but a matter of days before Turkey and Greece burst asunder the leash which has restrained them for six months. To a world Power like Great Britain where is it all to end? Let us hope that another 100,000 Regulars will be raised to stem the threatened avalanche.

THE WESTERN AREA REFERENCE MAPS, "TIMES",
12 AND 19 AUGUST.

In my first letter I warned my readers that the sources of supply in military maps in the area of war had been dried up. I find since that in the sphere of operations which will most concern our troops that good road bicycle and touring maps on a scale of four miles to the inch can be obtained. Sheets 1, 1 bis, 2, 3, 6 and 10 of Taride's road map of France, procurable from 67, St. James's Street, London, are those recommended to anyone really anxious to follow the operations in the Western Area.

The reader of a general map will realise at a glance what the advantages are that are offered to a German strategic march through the neutral territories of Belgium and Luxemburg. Eight first-class parallel roads lead from the German frontier direct on to the line of French defence behind the Meuse between Verdun and Mézieres and thence north to Namur. That such a movement has been intended for years has been plain to every traveller who has had to stop for any period at any German railway frontier station on the west. All German railways subordinate the commercial purpose to the military idea, and the miles

and miles of sidings that lie unused in peace tell their own tale. The simultaneous detraining of ten to twelve army corps should be a fairly simple task for the most perfect of military administrations in the world. The road march which then begins across the 100 miles or so that intervenes between the hostile frontiers can be timed to such a moment as to place in battle line a stupendous force with each army corps marching within supporting interval of its neighbour. Wood and dale, both plentiful in this area, will hide the movements of the respective forces from the eagle eye of the airman.

Liège has given to the allied forces the key to the strategy of the enemy. A piece of Fabian strategy in part of this region, which forms what is called a re-entering angle, can accomplish the destruction of the enemy by his very own efforts. Let us make this clear to the reader of the dullest military intellect. Picture a hinge of stout metal, such as one to carry a stable or coach-house door, with what are technically termed long "flaps" to bear the weight, with bolts and nuts at intervals in the metal of the flaps to secure them to the structure. Looking at the map of the military position from the allied side, the right flap follows the line of the Meuse from Verdun to Namur, and the left flap from Namur to Liège, also along the Meuse. Namur is the hinge and the angle presented to the enemy, and the terrain it encloses is called a re-entering angle. The hostile objective in strategy would be either to push back one or both flaps or to break the hinge. It follows, therefore, that a defensive offensive strategy which compels the enemy to knock himself to pieces against one flap would give the opportunity of an offensive on the other flap to roll up the hostile troops committed to attack elsewhere. Namur is now the key to the situation, and the hinge by this time must be secure beyond fracture. Verdun and Mézières are bolts and nuts too difficult for any army to crack, and Liège, we know, is not yet broken, and may yet play a most important part. We may be sure that the Allied Army Commander in this region has in his hand a force handy at the hinge which will deal heavily with any force that may penetrate on either face of his defence. A well-pushed-home counter-attack from the allied positions, which drives a hostile army corps across the line of operations of its neighbour, and that neighbour is committed to disaster by the mere process of overcrowding.

A combination of disasters awaits the hostile masses operating in the neutral territories if the manœuvring qualities of Belgian, French, and British forces answer expectation. But herein lies a weakness—allies seldom work in combination, and the Belgians may have home instincts. The Kaiser is new to strategy. The very impetuosity of his character may lead him to disaster. One feels rather inclined to pray for his life. One can shoot a general or an admiral who loses a battle or a campaign, but the destruction of a monarch and his monarchy must be the work of the people themselves. When during the clinching that will go on for weeks in the contest just beginning, the eastern-bred conscript now fighting in the west (and there are thousands of them) hears that the frau and the mädchen are the victims of the Cossack, will he fight or will he mutiny?

The fact cannot be denied that Liège has altered the conception of the German strategy in the north area of campaign. It would be of good augur if the rumour of the suicide of Von Emmich could be confirmed. We can realise that a brave man set to accomplish at all costs a task on which imperatively hinged an initial move in the plan of campaign would end his life himself as the price of an unredeemed promise. German high strategy will bend the knee to failings in tactical formations. This war is going to be a lesson in battle tactics at the expense of the custom-sodden German. They will pay dearly for their worship of the fetish of antiquated forms of encounter, and will find that during war you cannot correct the false points in battle training which have been allowed in peace to permeate the minds of the soldiery. "The

thicker the grass the easier to mow", said the old Athenian. Rotten tactics in the field and empty stomachs in both field and factory will go far towards wrecking the Kaiser. The struggle in the Northern area, which as I write is fain to assume titanic proportions, will be the first turning-point for good or evil in the great war drama before us. Liège, if it still holds out, will be the turning-point upon which disaster to the hostile right flank will rest. Belgium, the cockpit of Europe for many centuries, threatens to become the shambles of a German army.

THE MIDDLE AND SOUTHERN AREA OF THE FRENCH DEFENCE.

Any general map which has marked upon it the main strongholds and *points d'appui* which guard both French and German lines of frontier will show the spot where if either force penetrates enormous forces must be left to mask and contain the huge garrisons in these defences before the field armies at disposal can renew their forward movement. It is true that third line troops can be brought up for this service, but time, the great feature in war operations, is thereby neutralised, and a foe who has once been driven off his legs by defeat is given the opportunity of recovery of breath and organisation. We shall no doubt hear of penetration by the French Army of the hostile lines south of Metz, and also in Alsace to the east between Neu Breisach and Mulhausen, but such movements, which will doubtless inspire the gallant Frenchmen with the spirit of the *revanche* to gather back to the fold the precious lost Provinces, will hardly effect a blow sufficient for the required "knock out" in the war.

THE DANUBE AND RUSSIAN AREA.

Austria has her hands too full with the task on her Galician and Bosnian frontiers to lend a hand to her German ally. The Servians are proving themselves more than the equal of their opponents. The proclamation to the Poles made by the Russian Commander-in-Chief should add to the disintegration which threatens the Empire of multitudinous nationalities. The operations on both these respective frontiers are, however, of quite a secondary interest to the strategy which must decide the great issue of the war. Not so, however, is the movement of the forces of the great leviathan of the north when they are ready and massed to hurl across the German frontier. A bare five German army corps are left to stem the onward tide of some million men. In ten days we may hear the first call of, Hold! Enough! but shall we hold? I trow not.

THE REAL POSITION OF ITALY.

By "SPEZZIA".

IN writing of Italy and her attitude, we shall certainly not make any indiscreet invitation to her to come at once into the war. This has already been done too eagerly, and we fear it has not left a very good impression on the whole on the Italian Government or people. At the outbreak of the war Italy was assured by some people here that, if she chose to intervene promptly on behalf of the Triple Entente, she could stop or, virtually, decide the war. This assurance did not assure Italy, and really we cannot be surprised; for Italy's Government and diplomatists must have known then what was quite familiar even to informed people outside official circles in this country—that Germany had settled to go to war.

Therefore we should not think of appealing to Italy to fling herself forthwith into the fray on Great Britain's side. Such a hastily struck attitude by foreign countries can only raise suspicion; and it may also serve to convey the impression that we are not too confident of our own power to withstand the German aggressor, and are seeking in a hurry all over the world for possible supporters.

Let it be clearly understood that, supposing Italy had at the very outset of the war declared against Germany and denounced the Triple Alliance, this would

not have had the least effect in "stopping" the war. It would have no more effect in stopping the war than would a Portuguese declaration of war against Germany. The war was inevitable; and Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith recognised that war must come rather more than a fortnight before Germany, France and England were plunged into it. The last invitations and suggestions to Germany to mediate with Great Britain, France and Italy between Serbia and Austria were practically past hope of success. The die was cast. *Che sarà sarà*, as they say in Italy.

Hence, if Italy had openly flung over the Triple Alliance, and declared war against Germany and Austria when Great Britain declared war, Germany's course would have been exactly as it has been; if anything, Germany might have been more raging, more determined than ever to fight it out to the last breath. The howl of a mad dog is by no means improved by the appearance on the scene of fresh antagonists who are anxious to destroy the dangerous brute.

What is the position of Italy, what is she looking to in this war? To get some light on this we must turn back and recall the war in which she was herself not long ago engaged. That war, in which for a while her fate trembled in the balance, gave her a new colony: a colony which—contrary to the view of all the sapient-silly critics who have not been to North Africa and know nothing about its soil and immense undeveloped wealth—is worth having. Tripoli is going to be a prosperous possession, if Italy herself can come out of this European struggle intact and can reform that somewhat terrible and menacing South of hers. She managed to get through her risky war—though it was probably touch and go at one time—and just when she felt Tripoli securely hers came the British withdrawal from the Mediterranean as a dominating naval power. We described that withdrawal some months ago, but refrained from blaming the Government and the Admiralty for it. It is now clear that the withdrawal was sound and quite essential. But Italy did not so regard it. A little more than a year ago the writer of this article was approached in Italy by an authority who spoke with full knowledge of Italian statesmanship in the matter and with full approval. He urged the writer to make it known to the English People that Italy was distressed and made most uneasy by the new British policy. She very far from relished the plan that France should "police" the Mediterranean in future, Great Britain withdrawing North. She—to be frank—doubted France, and dreaded lest, if trouble suddenly came, she might be caught between France on the West and Russia on the East—and where then would her new southern possession, Tripoli, be?

That was the Italian feeling, and no wonder her statesmen did not like the idea of Great Britain leaving France in charge of the Mediterranean, and herself concentrating more than ever in a northern direction, in order to take action if needs be—and need, with a vengeance, has been—against Italy's nominal ally. "Does England intend", asked our authority, "to force Italy into the arms of Austria, which is now intent on building Dreadnoughts?"

Such was Italy's attitude a year or two ago. How does she stand to-day? Why did she not go into the war with the Triple Alliance? It may be said, first, she did not go in because she was not obliged to do so by the terms. Austria attacked Serbia, not Serbia Austria, Germany attacked France—she was therefore not bound by her alliance to come to their aid. But that, of course, is a very small part of the explanation. If Italy had gone in with Austria and Germany she would have stood every chance of losing her Navy and Tripoli, of being, indeed, "policed" out of existence for decades to come, perhaps, by France. Honour did not order Italy to rush into the arms of Germany and Austria: self-preservation told her to keep out of such a terrible grip. There are other motives—connected with Austria and Austrian possessions—on which we shall find some light thrown later. But what we have stated is enough at the moment. If

Italy went in against France and Great Britain she would commit suicide as a naval and colonial Power—a fact her best statesmen well perceive: she will only go in if her worst advisers get the upper hand.

Is it essential, on the other hand, that Italy should now go in against Germany and Austria? We are by no means sure whether at this stage it is really desirable that the area of conflict should be enlarged, even though it appears to be enlarged as against Germany. Let us not forget that the wider the war, and the more numerous the combatants, the greater the difficulty of trade, and so the greater the suffering of the world. For example, the fact that the American Government is neutral is obviously an advantage to those who require foodstuffs from America: the United States can attend to her commerce and can supply us far better than if she were at war herself. Again, Italy can attend to her trade better than if she were at war—she is at the present time helping to feed Switzerland as she could not help if she were at war. Moreover, other very delicate—and very grave—questions arise when a new Power enters the fray. In some cases, it is true, such questions might not become acute till the close or nearly the close of the struggle; but in others they might lead to further dangers and complications almost at once. Thus, as we said last week, we are by no means just now anxious to see Japan take anything but a most restricted part in the contest, and we hope she will rest content with Kiaochau.

If too many cooks do not actually spoil the broth, who can say that they may not quarrel over it when made? It is better that at this stage we should concentrate every effort on increasing and perfecting our own forces than that we should be calling in this Power and that to our aid. The latter policy is crude and short-sighted. If Italy does decide to come in against the German aggression presently, the civilised world will certainly welcome it as one more protest against that horrible brazen doctrine of the German Chancellor's—that necessity is above morality, and that one must "hack one's way through". Meanwhile we should be wise to leave Italy's decision to the ordinary channels of diplomacy and to the turn of events.

We shall only add this: that if at the close of the struggle Italy should be found in the same camp as Great Britain and France, there may very well be a useful understanding between the three Powers as to the whole North African coast—Morocco, Algeria, the Regency, Tripoli and Egypt.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

PATRIOTISM AND AMUSEMENT.

By JOHN PALMER.

THAT it is possible for a patriot—that it may even be his duty—to amuse himself in spite of the fact that his country is at perilous war was last week clearly established in a leading article of this REVIEW. We are not all competent to enlist in Lord Kitchener's Army, and we should only embarrass the authorities if it became the universal fixed idea of every adult male in Great Britain to strike at the enemy as a soldier. It is the plain, unattractive duty of many citizens to stay at their posts and keep things going at home, so far as is possible, in the established ways of peace. Some of us are not able—it is our misfortune—to rush immediately and take the shilling. In default of this, we may usefully occupy ourselves in holding things together, thus helping indefinitely to postpone the day when the Government will have to feed its unemployed civilians as well as its soldiers in the field. The obvious duty of the non-combatant having already been plainly declared and justified in these pages, I will assume that readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW recognise quite clearly the importance of keeping prudent and cool under an almost unendurable

temptation to be heroic and rash. I will also assume that it is no more heartless or indicative of a lack of public spirit to keep open the theatre than it is to keep open Messrs. Webley and Scott or the Army and Navy Stores. Personally, I should never have thought it necessary to be insistent in this matter had it not been suggested that I myself was helping to spread the panic and dislocation of a fortnight ago by an article entitled "The Deserted Theatre". I have been accused of urging people to abstain from all pleasure, to break up their homes and habits, to live at the point of the sword. I am taxed with having implied that anyone seen loitering near a place of amusement, anyone known to be keeping a piano in the drawing-room, or anyone who has been observed to smile or to take sweets and cheese, is necessarily infamous and to be avoided by reputable people. All this has been laid to my account because I ventured to suggest that the unvarnished truth of this terrible war in Europe transcended in importance and in its instant appeal to our imaginations a tenth-rate play now running at the Strand Theatre. I therefore take this opportunity of roundly asserting that there is nothing in my views as to our public conduct and duty in this time of war morally incompatible with an autumn season of theatres and publishers. I will go farther. In time of peace and prosperity it might conceivably be to the public advantage if half the theatres and publishers in London were forcibly restrained from their activities. In this time of war, however, it must be our first thought to avoid upsetting any kind of business that can reasonably be kept going. Three weeks ago it was impossible to make out a clear case for visiting a single theatre in London. To-day it might well be the clear duty of any person who could afford it to visit them all. To take an immediate instance, it is our duty to urge into our theatres as many stranded Americans as we can contrive to influence personally or through the Press. I do not suggest they will enjoy themselves; but they will at any rate help to keep a more or less respectable industry from dissolution. A period of war is not exactly the best time to choose for facing complicated economic readjustments and upheavals.

The main question, then, is decided. We are to keep open our theatres, and, if our circumstances permit, to visit them, if not for pleasure, then as a public duty. The subordinate question arises: Should the war be allowed utterly to decide the character of the entertainment provided by our managers? Must all our plays be patriotic? Must all our songs be of war? Already Sir Herbert Tree is beating Drake's drum at His Majesty's Theatre. Already Sir Henry Wood has ruled Wagner out of a Queen's Hall programme. Already Mr. Arthur Collins is preparing a new edition of a play about the British Navy. Already the music halls are ringing with celebrations of our country and its defenders. Already the picture houses are nightly unrolling miles of film, feverishly commandeered from all parts of the world, pertinent to the more violent chapters of the history of England. What are we to say to all this? Is it well that we should continue to live at this high emotional pressure?

We will put aside all question of art. That question will not seriously arise. Artistically regarded, the present and the immediate future activities of the theatres and music halls are, and will necessarily be, almost wholly painful. That patriotism is a great theme only makes its artistic corruption the more deplorable. The consequences of suddenly rushing it in great quantities upon the amusement market of modern London will not be agreeable. There is going to be a great mass of commonplace war-stuff printed, acted, and sung in these coming months. We must make up our minds to it; and endure it as best we may. The question we are now considering is not whether this patriotism of the theatre and bookstall is likely to be worth anything as art. It will be worth nothing at all as art. Our present question is whether it is morally justifiable and publicly expedient to keep the mind of our people occupied with one perpetual theme.

This, of course, is a question of public morals. It is, unfortunately, clear that very bad plays and songs can have a very excellent moral effect. This is a time when moral questions bulk larger than questions of art. Only the æsthetic pedant (ultimately he will prove to be only a very small artist) can at this time find energy to object to a patriotic song merely because it happens to be not very distinguished in manner or matter. Many of our soldiers are now marching on the enemy to songs of the modern music hall—an obvious warning to the supercilious arbiter of elegant things to hold his critical faculty for the time being in suspense. But can the moral excuse be pleaded for "Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre and the thousand *pièces d'occasion* this war is going to bring upon the land? I do not think so. It should be the aim of our managers at this time to keep their audiences reasonably cheerful and cool. If we go to the theatre at all in these days of war, we go in a loyal effort to pretend that things are going on much the same as usual. We visit the theatre as a protest against those who would throw all into hideous confusion by behaving as if the ordinary and familiar civilisation of every day were suspended. We have decided that this war will have to be our inevitable companion for an indefinite time, and we have decided to live as cheerfully and as normally as we can. If the public meet the managers in this spirit, the managers must suitably respond or they must accept the consequences. If they help the public to lose their heads—if they insist upon increasing the general fever—the one justification of their activities has vanished. There is enough war in Belgium without needlessly filling our theatres with war. There is enough sincere patriotism in the street without artificially forcing patriotism upon the casual playgoer. If there be anyone who at this time needs a patriotic stimulus of the kind we are discussing, his emotion, when it actually breaks forth, is not likely to be worth much, either to himself or to the country. Every decent man will agree that there is something revolting in the spectacle of a comfortable audience in a London theatre luxuriously moved to emotion on behalf of ideals for which men are at that moment dying in battalions. If we are to-day in need of "Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre, we are incapable of any but a drunken patriotism. If we do not need it—if our feeling be sincere and quite independent of a cheap musical or dramatic stimulus—let us not sully the integrity of our passion and waste our moral energy in seeking this sort of enjoyment. Let the playgoer who persists in his duty as a playgoer rather choose to support the theatres which, like himself, refuse to be obsessed. Let us rely upon our theatres for relief and a fleeting restoration of life as we understood it before this calamity had broken upon us. Let the theatre still exist to remind us that the war will pass; that laughter will come back to the world; that art will one day be restored; that we shall not always stand at the edge of ruin; that it is not necessary to dwell for ever, with grave faces, self-consciously in the shadow of distress. Thereby we shall help to keep our country in sane mind and good heart in these coming days and destroy in its cradle the infant assumption of our entertainers that one theme alone is able at this time to possess us. This war will never, so long as it lasts, be in a less degree the commanding fact of our lives. But we need not, therefore, act like stunned creatures and play continually with one fixed idea. We have to keep our sense of proportion. We must hold on to our humour and keep it bright; and the theatre, if the theatre is going to continue, must help us in this. There are signs that the theatre will recover from its first alarm and refuse to be disorganised. Several managers have announced that their autumn season will stand. We should certainly help them in this sensible behaviour. The English public has astonished its hard critics by the way in which it has accepted the war and its consequences. It is the more important to protest at once against any attempt to disturb the admirable sense and phlegm of our people.

ART AND WAR.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

ARTISTS will be pretty hard hit by the war, but Art will benefit if the war be great enough to engrave the world's mind deeply. Art is not a national affair: it is universal; and if we take the widest view we see that it is immaterial whether the great tidal wave of Art to be thrown up by the eruption of our western world be Teuton, Slav, or Anglo-Saxon. Many writers have generalised on the relation of Art to political and social environment, and history warrants the deduction that after a period of public stress, exaltation, and emotion Art is manifested in a remarkable release of energy. As this is the most natural thing in the world, it needs some explanation, I suppose.

Without engaging on a solemn academic discussion as to the nature of Art, we may admit that it is merely one vent for the universal human need of expression. It is not the special business or characteristic of a separate type of being; artists are not a people distinct from and unrelated to the rest of us, any more than gunners or cavalry are a unique breed independent of and unlike their fellows in an army. They are but specialised instruments for one aspect of our general need. It follows that when the shock and friction of national peril, disaster, or triumph have so shaken the soul of a society and so whetted its susceptibility and intelligence that its awakened genius seeks freedom, then naturally every vent is used. The genius of the Greeks, brought to a head and liberated by the Persian peril, found one outlet through Phidias and Myron: the emotion and susceptibility of the Chinese and the Japanese, sharpened by years of unrest and bitter war, emerged hardened and perfected in the great periods of Sung and Kamakura: one facet of the English people's awakened vitality struggled to the light through Turner and Constable a hundred years ago. Given certain conditions, war and periods of precarious existence have always produced a fine temper of intelligence and a rare susceptibility. But, such is human providence, we always hasten to secure ourselves from the hardening benefits of adversity.

One of the strangest things in humanity is its apparently imperishable enthusiasm for pure ideals: ideals, that is, untinged by commercial considerations. No matter how "effete", how deeply sunk in slothful satisfaction, is this or that society, somewhere or other, at a word, this divine enthusiasm breaks out again. Nearly the whole of Europe is thrilled by an emotion of this kind. Who will wonder that at the end, when the necessary conditions for the practice of the Arts reign once more, this emotion will be reflected in music, architecture, and the other branches. As for these necessary conditions, they seem to be prosperity and climate. Mr. C. J. Holmes has suggested that no great art has rooted in poor or mountainous and barren countries. Certainly it thrives most luxuriantly in wealthy societies and in physical conditions that promote good circulation. But so hostile is Nature to anything like standing still, and so economical in her machinery, that the very conditions which seem essential for the florescence of rich periods of Art carry with them their decay. From prosperity to a feeling of security, to success and then satisfaction, the great periods surely descend until they merge in the recurrent intervals of academicism and trumped-up originality.

We need not consider here the sub-conscious causes of war, nor seek to discover whether, after all, there be some still closer and more inevitable relation than cause and effect between the fermenting warlike spirit of a people and the subsequent manifestation of artistic genius. It is convenient to regard militant enthusiasm as the cause of artistic outbursts, though perhaps in a truer view they are an identical wave seen at different points. However that may be, we will only enquire if this giant struggle may not be the inevitable impact needed to bring to a head that vague and chaotic groping towards a new expression in Art with

which we have become familiar these last few years. If only the ordeal be terrible enough to recast men's minds we may confidently expect not only a new society and a changed outlook, but also, as a consequence, the universal expression in Art of this new mind and vision. Then perhaps the embryonic stirrings and blind movements of the present younger schools of painting, sculpture, music, and literature will be seen to have had a place in the large scheme of things. It does not follow that the young men who have come up on our horizons and manoeuvred with marked eccentricity will themselves be changed into great artists. It all depends what reserve of character and quality lies hid in them. More probably to a younger generation, moulded by the great eventful years of such a struggle as we are postulating, will fall the power to interpret that new sense of wonders. One does not look for a gay and irresponsible Art to emerge from the passions of a war so vast as this promises to be. Nor does one expect a mere resumption of old academic amenities. It were more in tune with our forebodings that Art comparable with Michelangelo's, Shakespeare's, or Beethoven's should appear. In everyone's mouth have been prophecies of the glorious future of Slavic Art: well, here is the needed stimulation and intensifying spirit. Wherever it appear—the fresh manifestation born of Europe's travail—its effect will not be the exclusive property of one people: the whole world will be enriched thereby.

It is a hundred and twenty years since a situation such as this war may bring faced the art market. From 1790 till after Waterloo England was importing from Spain and France pictures of the first rank. More than likely as a result of this incomputably ruinous war many private galleries all over Europe will be broken up. In such an event we should see in the clearest light what an enormous change has come over art collections. Unless Napoleonic piracy were adopted and pictures in national museums treated as spoils of war, the bulk of the treasures in circulation during the wars of a century ago is secure in inviolable galleries. The outstanding pieces of first rank are either across the Atlantic or else so scattered and so rare that nothing approaching the trade in old masters carried on by Bryan and Buchanan will be possible. The turn of modern masters may perhaps come, and of these only the British School of the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, Goya, the Barbizon, and the Impressionists have the kind of reputation to make sensational sale catalogues. One other consideration may occur to us: the danger involved by the concentration of old masters to which I have just alluded. A shell bursting in a museum might at once do more havoc than all Napoleon's campaigns together. Imagine this carried to the lengths described in "The World Set Free" and the galleries of Berlin, Paris, Belgium, Italy, Holland, and London finally demolished. For Art the effect would be more catastrophic than a similar annihilation of all European libraries would be for literature. Indeed, I should imagine that the destruction of, say, the Michelangelos in Florence and Rome, or the Rembrandts in Holland, Paris, Berlin, London, and Petersburg, would mean to Art what the complete loss of every work by Beethoven would mean to music. But whereas many musicians could write out the scores of his works from memory, who could give us back Rembrandt or Michelangelo? This, however, I admit, is simply looking for trouble.

CRICKET FOR TO-DAY.

THERE is a game to-day that seems anything save out of place and out of keeping with the spirit of the nation—and that is the thoroughly informal game of cricket. We see it played in many a rough field by a man or two and half a dozen lads in the early evening just now as we pass in the train through harvest scenes, and the sight is really very good. After the serious business of the day a game like this is

well fitted to village manhood and boyhood alike, and the relaxation entirely deserved. The thing is true cricket no matter how informal—and how strictly unscientific! There is, indeed, no greater mistake about cricket than to suppose that the remarkable games are only played under the austere control of Lord's and the Oval. Let not people think that every point worth remembering of the noble game is registered on the huge, relentless scoring-boards of St. John's Wood and Kennington. There are spots close to London—almost inside the boundaries, in fact—where no mastodon of a garden-roller is ever gravely drawn along the pitch, where no white-smocked and stately umpires gaze judiciously on each stroke, where no alert and incorruptible scorer sits in his little eyrie, and where no crowds of critics applaud impartially the fine stroke or the smart catch: yet where cricket of the most extraordinary and fascinating description is regularly played, and where sensations occur which in their way are as exciting as that memorable afternoon at Lord's when we saw all South Africa out for 58.

One of these notable grounds is Kew Green, and on any sunny summer evening it is worth the journey to see the various games. Take a late and leisurely tea at one of the little hostels that line the roadway, insisting on a room at the front of the building; open the window widely, and watch. One match in progress, perhaps, will be thorough, legitimate cricket, as expounded by members of the Kew club: this, naturally, will have its own interest, and we may give it the benefit of an occasional, "Well played, sir!" or "Well caught!" But our chief attention—since we are seeking enthusiasm rather than correct observance of technicalities—must be devoted to the obviously improvised match, born of the elemental desire to hit a ball a long way, to band together in parties for play in the sun, and to have "a good time" irrespective of laws that on occasion may prove to be too stringent. There may be several of these exhilarating contests. No restrictions of dress hamper the teams; one eleven, it is true, boasts five men in correct flannels (if we are generous enough to overlook an artistic arrangement of black morning-coat and white trousers we can make it six); but for the remainder shirtsleeves are the fashion. There are umpires; men of weight and dignity, with a vastly impressive manner of stooping to the wicket, closing one eye, and motioning with dictatorial hand for a "straight bat" to begin with. And the play? It is worthy of an epic. With what frowning severity does the captain wave his minions here and there; with what fixity of attention do the fielders assume the crouching attitude, hands on knees, without which, as every schoolboy knows, flying balls can neither be stopped nor caught; with what tremendous effect does each bowler pause and pose for the instant before his masterly delivery! Down goes the ball; up goes the bat; the wicket-keeper, a trifle shy (and so should we be if we kept wicket bare-handed) misses the leather as did the batsman; a run is scored, because long-stop also missed it and scrambled after it on all-fours for some yards, having apparently been taken by surprise and knocked over. Never mind—the brave fellow has it safe at last and throws it in well; at least three of the bystanders are clapping, and presently he regains his vanished prestige by making a really splendid catch. Five men out for 34; why, South Africa did no better than that on their first day's play at Lord's! So the match goes on; let him who does not enjoy it hurry to the station and wait gloomily, the misanthrope, for a train to remove him to his dull den in town.

But there are other matches to watch; matches where the wickets have no bails, where flannels are an unknown quantity, and where shirts indifferently patched and braces assisted in their duties by cleverly disposed strings and buttons detract not a whit from the ardour of English embryo sportsmen. Single wicket is here the rule; the bat is often home-made—none the worse for that, considering; the pitch is bumpy—but that

only makes for excitement, for effects which the bowler would be the last to anticipate, and which certainly surprise the batsman. So unexpected, in fact, are the vagaries of the ball that the acute wicket-keeper in due course sheds his coat, and, holding it extended in both hands, becomes an expert in stopping even the most robust and erratic deliveries. There is at times a regrettable difference of opinion between the chiefs of the opposing teams (the batsman being one team *pro tem.*) as to the number of runs scored, and once the whole match was suspended until the bowler had quite illogically hammered the amount of the score into the batsman's head—the latter being "in Chancery" and temporarily incapable of argument. This, of course, was hardly cricket, though certain of the diminutive spectators seemed to appreciate it highly as a welcome and entertaining interlude. But, were it not for the stern truthfulness of the scoring-boards, how do we know that Foster and Barnes would not adopt the same tactics on the historic London greens? Imagine the sudden consternation of the crowd—not unmixed, shall we dare to add, with a little unholy delight!

Such is the game at Kew, and, doubtless, at a dozen other spots not very far away; informal, with rules strictly local and modified, though based upon the best authorities. He who finds cricket "slow" when played in all the elaborate paraphernalia of the match that is to make history in batting and bowling annals should break away for a while from formality and watch these youngsters play the game. Better still, he should join them; they will love him for it, and he will find himself with a lighter heart when the sun has set and the game is done.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 August 1914.

SIR,—Sir Edward Grey spoke with a deeper significance than many perhaps realised when, at the close of his memorable speech on the grave situation in Europe, he referred to Ireland as "the one bright spot". Only a few hours before the bright spot represented two armed camps, not of soldiers, but of loyal citizens, instructed, drilled, equipped, ready and only waiting for the word which should be the signal of civil war.

Suddenly the picture changed. The nation was threatened from without. The greater danger demanded the greater sacrifice. Never forgetting, yet at the moment laying aside all personal aspirations, the sons of Ireland were the first to respond to the higher call of duty because their country had need of them. So what everyone else had failed to do the Kaiser unwittingly accomplished, and a united Ireland, inspired by a common ideal came forward, her rival armies, which were to have faced each other, prepared to face the common foe. There can be little doubt that the German Emperor had selected the moment when troubles at home might have placed us at a serious disadvantage abroad. But he had miscalculated one thing, the character of our people. Such a speech as that of Mr. Redmond could never have been delivered outside these islands any more than the attitude of Sir Edward Carson could be apprehended. No wonder the foreigner fails to understand us, there is something he comes up against, something outside his range of vision which, in spite of all his patriotism and capacity for self-sacrifice, is beyond his comprehension.

But, though the Irish Volunteer forces have set an example unsurpassed in its spontaneous nobility, the Irish question itself still awaits solution. Mr. Asquith has asked for a further delay in the hope that some basis of agreement may be found which both parties could accept without disloyalty to their principles. But the days are passing rapidly, and the meeting of Parliament next week is awaited with anxiety. Another breakdown of negotiations would be a veritable tragedy. It is unthinkable that at this momen-

tous crisis ministers and leaders should again declare their inability to come to terms. What will posterity say of those men who could not settle their differences as to six small counties in a corner of Ireland when national existence was threatened and the whole Empire was at stake?

We in this country who have watched with increasing admiration the patience and endurance of Ulster and can also sympathise with the legitimate aspirations of the Nationalists, make yet another appeal, ask yet a further sacrifice. In the face of the common enemy, when the nation is putting forth its whole strength in a supreme effort to maintain its honour and integrity, we demand that domestic difficulties shall not merely cease but that they shall be solved. We have the right to ask and we have the right to expect. Surely the men who have proved themselves worthy of the highest patriotism will not fail in the hour of need, but will so act with forbearance and generosity that when the historian comes to write our part in the story of the great European War, he will turn to Ireland as the one bright spot, because, when darkness was over Europe, she made the greatest of all personal sacrifices that she might give peace at home in order that hereafter the world may have peace.

DÉSIRÉE WELBY.

MR. SHAW'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE "DAILY NEWS".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In one of your notes of last week you denounce the "revolting levity" of an unnamed but not anonymous miscreant who, in the columns of the "Daily News" affirmed that the violation of the neutrality of Belgium is not the real issue in the war. May I point out that journalists and gentlemen of unquestioned honour and seriousness—for example, Mr. Massingham and Mr. Trevelyan—hold that the violation imposed no obligation on us to draw the sword? Whether they are right or wrong, one thing is certain. If England were encompassed with enemies, and the only way to meet them effectively and save her from a humiliating conquest lay through heaven, much less Belgium, no Englishman worth his salt would hesitate to violate the neutrality of heaven and cut his way through the four archangels rather than allow his allied enemies to conquer his country. That being so, an Englishman who indulges in virtuous and vituperative indignation at the expense of the Germans for dashing at us through Belgium exposes himself to the suspicion of being outside the saltworthy classes.

And now let me challenge you flatly as to the policy you are advocating, if you really are advocating a policy and not merely snatching at an excuse for calling our enemies thieves and knaves (to the horror of all your high-spirited readers), and for abusing that contributor to the "Daily News" who can see a few yards farther than the length of a bayonet or of an angry journalist's pen. Are you leading up to the desertion of our allies by us the moment the last German is swept back off Belgian soil? Are we then, our business being done, according to your view of it, to leave France to fight it out on the Vosges frontier and to defend her north-west coasts as best she can? That is what Paris will infer, and what Berlin will infer, and infer very naturally too, as it is not clear, if you do not mean this, that you can possibly mean anything.

For my part, I shall continue to agree with that contributor to the "Daily News" (naming no names, as Miss Squeers said when she, too, felt annoyed), and to maintain most strenuously that if Belgium had never been touched we should still have been bound to stand by France to the last shot in its struggle with Prussian militarism, and that no withdrawal of the German army from Belgian soil, voluntary or forced, can now buy us off.

But when we smash Potsdam (if we do smash it), what then? Are we and our French and Belgian allies to go on to smash German civilisation and replace it by Russian despotism? Would the war then be "a righteous war on

behalf of all that holds back the modern world from the barbarism of absolute might"?

Quite the worst thing we can do now is to trump up moral indictments against our enemies, who are no worse people than ourselves. If we go into battle as superior persons we shall be licked. The Prussian chaplains can beat us at that game, practised as we are in it. If we do not believe that the ordering of society by Prussian jackbooters is a detestable, mischievous, unhappy and finally disastrous thing, we have no business to be fighting at all. If we do, we need no further excuse for combining with our neighbours to crush it for the rest of the century. What is more, we shall have to crush it as a home-grown article when we have crushed it as a foreign one. There be British Junkers as well as German ones; and their diplomacy has had quite as large a share in bringing about this war, which on our side is simply a revolt against Junker diplomacy, as the traditions of Bismarck.

Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

P.S.—Since the above was written, the Tsar's really brilliant stroke of offering to undo the Partition of Poland has immensely strengthened his claim to our support: the more so as Prussia has been quite at her worst in her Prussianising of German Poland; so that we can help the Poles to throw off that intolerable tyranny with a will. But we have only the Tsar's word that Poland will be free under his kingship; and, frankly, after what has happened in Finland, we like not the security. However, if it satisfies the Poles, it is not clear that we have anything more to say.

[The statement made by Mr. Bernard Shaw in the "Daily News" of 11 August which we took exception to ran as follows: "If it had suited us to accept that proposal [i.e., Germany's proposal to Great Britain to strike a bargain with her in order that she might violate Belgian neutrality] we could have found plenty of reasons for accepting it . . . no more infamous than the diplomatic reasons we have given in the past for courses which happened to be convenient to us". Our comment on this statement appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 15 August in "Notes of the Week"; and we must leave it to our readers and the public generally to decide whether that comment was unreasonable or not.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You have done a public service by calling attention to the statement of "a contributor" to the "Daily News" of 11 August. That statement was as follows: "If it had suited us to accept that proposal"—i.e., the "infamous proposal" of Germany that we should bargain away the neutrality of Belgium—"we could have found plenty of reasons for accepting it no more infamous than the diplomatic reasons we have given in the past for courses which happened to be convenient to us."

Your rebuke was fully deserved by the "Daily News", and everyone must share your surprise that an English newspaper should be found, at this grave crisis in our history, to publish it.

There is no excuse for Mr. Shaw. He had even had, on 10 August, the opportunity of reading in the "Daily News" the honest and manly recantation of Mr. H. W. Massingham, which must have removed, once for all, from the pacifists their last lingering doubts as to the real cause of the war. Mr. Massingham frankly and fully confessed on that date that he could no longer resist the conclusion that we had been forced into war by our *honourable obligations*. Yet the very next day, in the same newspaper, Mr. Shaw sneers at this conclusion and unpatriotically imputes to our rulers, past and present, the vilest political morality.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. A. CREGAN, Colonel.

THE QUESTION OF BELGIUM'S NEUTRALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The question of the neutrality of Belgium ought to have been thought of years ago, when the Government began cutting down the Army. Liberal Governments, in my recollection, have proclaimed our engagements. They evidently never thought enough of the German Emperor's character. A sudden crisis in European politics was never sufficiently considered, as Balfour warned them some years ago. They should have taken steps to renounce the obligation according to *Liberal professed creed*. Such must be the opinion of Lord Morley and Mr. Burns. It amounts to this—they never thought it would arise. I am surprised at Sir Edward Grey's want of sagacity. Now what a terrible plight they have brought themselves to.

Yours, etc.,

X.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A fortnight ago I wrote you a letter suggesting that the Czar might seize a great opportunity by pledging himself, in the event of his success in arms, to reconstitute the ancient kingdom of Poland, with the Prussian and Austrian provinces, and make it an autonomous State under the Russian crown. For a totally insignificant person to express his pleasure that the Russian Government has adopted his advice would be a ridiculous proceeding. But I am none the less happy to observe that St. Petersburg has recognised thus early the importance of making it clear to Europe what use she would make of a great victory. The enthusiasm of the gallant Polish people, who under Sobiesky saved Europe from the Turk, should be of service to Russia in the war. The promise to resurrect Poland would, more than anything else, reconcile the public opinion of western Europe to an enlargement of the Russian Empire at the expense of her western neighbours.

I am, yours, etc.,

E. R. T.

"OVER-FEEDING OUR PRISONERS OF WAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27, Green Park, Bath,
16 August.

SIR,—I cannot think it the best of wisdom to under-feed our fellow-creatures be they friends or foes; nothing brings about discontent and bad feeling sooner, and on no account would I wish to see the tools of our foes meanly treated. They are to be pitied even more than our own men, certainly in this particular war.

Another thing Mr. Wake Cook seems to have forgotten, that a man of 70 is not supposed to require as much food as one half his age or less. Of course one might keep life in a body on one ounce of food per day, and there have been persons advertised to fast for 40 days, but they belonged to freak shows, and their motives were not to set high examples but to gain large salaries. What we want in all our prisons, more especially just now, are reasonable, humane men as overseers. We don't want exceptions certainly. They are quite out of place, and one only has to look at Mr. Wake Cook's bill of fare if we want further proof.

Yours faithfully,

PALMER DOWNING.

A POET'S BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

286, King's Road, Chelsea,

19 August 1914.

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that a willow wren and a hen redstart are breaking their journey south in the gardens at the back of the King's Road, quite undisturbed by the racket of the traffic twenty yards or so away. Mr. Rudge Harding and myself watched them for an hour yesterday. Just a year ago I heard and saw for

some days a willow wren and a garden warbler in the gardens at the back of Paulton Square, a little way down the King's Road.

Yours, etc.,

RALPH HODGSON.

GERMAN MUSIC AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

320, Regent Street, W.,

19 August 1914.

SIR,—The directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra think that some explanation of the change of programme on Monday evening, August 17th, is due to their subscribers and to all who have so loyally supported the Promenade Concerts in the past. The substitution of a mixed programme in place of a wholly Wagnerian one was not dictated by any narrow-minded intolerant policy, but was the result of outside pressure brought to bear upon them at the eleventh hour by the lessees of the Queen's Hall.

With regard to the future, the directors hope—with the broad-minded co-operation of their audience—to carry through as nearly as possible the original scheme of the concerts as set forth in their prospectus.

They take this opportunity of emphatically contradicting the statements that German music will be boycotted during the present season. The greatest examples of music and art are world possessions and unassailable.

I am, yours faithfully,

ROBERT NEWMAN.

THE DESERTED THEATRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Wedderburn Road, Hampstead, N.W.,

13 August 1914.

SIR,—The article by Mr. John Palmer, entitled "The Deserted Theatre", appearing in your last issue, cannot be allowed to pass uncriticised. We may all agree with Mr. Palmer that the drama of the stage, fictitious or otherwise, must of necessity be overshadowed by the drama of nations, which is only too real. But it has to be questioned very seriously whether war, in its ultimate effects upon society, is greater than art, and whether (to employ the instance quoted by Mr. Palmer himself) the achievements of Shakespeare have not left a greater impress upon English civilisation than those of Drake and Howard of Effingham.

This, however, is but an academic point on which two views are possible. What drives one to protest is the finale of Mr. Palmer's excursion. "The English citizen", he says, "who can put from his mind to-day the great drama in which his country is involved, refusing to be thrilled in the Strand, and consenting to be thrilled in the Strand Theatre, is a person to be suspected. Patriotism, common sense, imagination, public decency—they all denounce him to the world". Follow this line of argument out and we must cast aside every other consideration except this sentiment of patriotism. Noble, no doubt, but possibly not very good for trade. There are very many people to whom the closing of a theatre means the loss of their livelihood—destitution and all that results from destitution. Art is produced not only on behalf of the public or even of the critics of art. There is the artist also to be considered. Nobody is materially the better because I happen to be thrilled in the Strand; but at least by allowing myself to be thrilled in the Strand Theatre I am helping society to maintain its equilibrium in a crisis; and that seems to me to be the prime duty of a non-combatant in time of war.

Yours faithfully,

ARCHIBALD LEE.

[We would ask our correspondent to turn to the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week, where the question he raises was dealt with at length in an article entitled "The Common Task". We think he will agree that this article entirely meets his objections, and that it is not in contradiction with Mr. Palmer's view.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

THE POPULARITY OF MEREDITH.

The Works of George Meredith. (Standard Edition.)
"Sandra Belloni," etc. Constable. 6s. each Volume.

CONTEMPORARY critics of the work of George Meredith had many differences of opinion, but on one point at least they displayed agreement. His admirers were in accord with his traducers in proclaiming that he could never be a popular author. At the best it was never imagined that his books could win more than a *succès d'estime*. This new standard edition hints by its appearance that the critics were wrong, and our own observation leads us to believe that a considerable section of the public has woken to the fact that Meredith was a novelist whose work must be read. Frankly, we own, this is at first a matter for surprise. A writer's popularity can only be won by the suffrages of many whom we are tempted to call illiterates. The quickest way to their affection, if we are to judge by recent figures of circulation, is by means of which Meredith knew nothing. The watered milk of sentimentality and the bad beer of vulgar rhetoric are a mixture conducive to good sales, and the popular authors of to-day have, on their better side, the ability to tell a story which Meredith unfortunately lacked.

Possession of literary taste is, of necessity, rare. The crowd is simply unable to distinguish between the good and the bad, yet it is important to note that it seldom rejects the good altogether. Now and then we may be roused to fury at hearing some new purveyor of nonsense hailed as the successor to Dickens or Shakespeare, but the absurd comparison should itself give us a grain of comfort. An almost universal appreciation is the point from which we practically all start. Cannot even the most discriminating critics of to-day remember the time when they first detected the hollowness of some early idols and sorrowfully removed certain names from their list of great writers? We love good books by a virtue born in us, but we hate the bad ones only by a process of education—of a training in reading which few undergo.

Here, then, is the beginning of an explanation why Meredith is to some extent accepted by a public which also seems to revel in the pretentiousness of Mr. Hall Caine and the simplicities of Mrs. Barclay, but it still leaves us unsatisfied. In all but a few of George Meredith's novels we find that reading is hard work, and it would be idle and impudent to deny it. We read them for their author's perfect knowledge of human character, his airily tragic philosophy, and the humour of many of his descriptive passages, but we pay something in labour for the pleasure gained. It is utterly impossible to think these books will attract the idler, and the fact that they are at all widely read suggests—even proves—an advance in general literary taste. The upward way towards the heights on which Meredith is enthroned is, we believe, being paved by some of the novelists of to-day. Second-rate men we may call them in comparison with the giants of the past, yet they can show a better level and a greater volume of moderately good work than was common a quarter of a century ago. Where the mother then read novelettes of the "Bow Bells" order, the daughter now reads Mr. Arnold Bennett. Literacy is coming slowly, but it is coming with certainty.

Further, we are in a distinctly better position to begin reading Meredith to-day than we were in the past. In the beginning, of course, he was the unknown man, neither asking nor receiving the encouragement of his critics. Later, when Henley and others had secured him the literary prominence he deserved, he was often read as an act of faith by people who would not otherwise have accepted him. For the younger generation it was natural to read his latest book, and those of us who in the 'nineties began on "One of Our Conquerors" may be excused if we decided all too rapidly that this was

not literature for an idle hour. Decidedly there is need to start on the Meredithian ladder from the right end. "Sandra Belloni" will not trouble us greatly, "The Shaving of Shagpat" has a fairy charm that acts at once, and "Evan Harrington" can scarcely present a single difficulty to a reader with one spark of intelligence. Thus and thus may we acquire true appreciation for a great man's work. Afterwards we are likely to swallow it all as gluttons, even braving the risk of hard intellectual activity from those books where the author will strive to estrange us by obstinately catching at the infinite.

In part, too, we can account for Meredith's new popularity by the fact that in spirit he seems to belong rather to our own century than his own. The women of his novels are not the women of Victorian fiction. The docile, diligent, timidly affectionate heroines, so long held up to public admiration, never captured his heart. His women are all striving against something generally accepted as femininity. He wants us to know them as reasonable beings, and not merely as dolls and good housewives. Renée, the "brunette of the fine lineaments", Clara Middleton, "insufferably fair", goddess-like Diana, and Letitia Dale, "with the romantic tale upon her eyelashes", these are but a few of the women, incomparably fine in English fiction, whom Meredith created; yet we cannot help seeing that his period was scarcely prepared for their type. In his treatment of many problems, we see, too, how he allowed himself a freedom of language his contemporaries had foregone. Henley declared that no such savage and scathing attack upon the superstitions of respectability as "Rhoda Fleming" had ever been written, and he added that the public, into whose hands it would go, cared "for no passion that is not decent in itself and whose expression is not restrained". No reader of twentieth-century fiction could have written such words. We like our savages, and only wish they would scathe more effectively. We may be dull, but we are no longer respectable. Restraint is the white badge of cowardice.

To read Meredith's opinions on the books of his day is often to note how often he is at war with the judgment of his own time and in agreement with present currents of thought. In a letter to Viscount Morley, dated 1870, he made criticism of the "Idylls of the King", writing how Tennyson sang "this mild fluency to this great length", and how he himself "read the successive mannered lines with pain". "Yards of linen—drapery for the delight of ladies who would be in the fashion", he called them, adding that the praises of the book shut him away from his fellows. It matters nothing whether he was right or wrong, but it matters much that he should have used language which must at the time have seemed surprising and revolutionary, yet which so accurately foreshadows ideas which have now the widest currency. In almost everything we see him as a man born half a century too soon. Such political thought as emerges from the novels upholds also this view. We may speak glibly of Dickens as a radical, but it is difficult to believe that he was a democrat. The author of "Hard Times" does not seem to be one who trusted the people. Meredith, on the other hand, though as a rule he dealt out Olympian justice to every shade and sect of doctrine, was not well disposed towards the rule of "the Squire and his relations". From old Beltham to Sir Willoughby Patterne, we see his Celtic wit girding at "the average Englishman, excelling as a cavalier, a slayer and an orderly subject". Many of his contemporaries must have seen something of sacrilege in his attitude towards the secular establishments, whilst to us the gage would merely seem part of a wearisome game had it been flung from any lower plane than that of genius.

Examining the evidences as to Meredith's popularity, we must admit that some of it does not make for the honour of the public. Some undoubtedly read him because modern critics have assured them it is the thing to do. Others, again, reversing Arnold's dictum, hold that culture has one great passion, not for sweet-

ness and light, but for bitter flavours and obscurity, and this passion they believe can be sated in Meredith's work. These creatures, however, can make but a small fraction of his readers. We have suggested various reasons why this writer is more widely read to-day than in his own years, but one other point remains. The popularity of rubbish at times alarms us, yet we know of no instance where rubbish has survived the generation in which it was written. Every age produces its own rubbish and consumes it. Great writers, on the other hand, may wait long for recognition and die while they wait, and in after years they may slip awhile from popular favour even as Shakespeare and Milton did, but they were not made so great always to be neglected. Great books never remain the close preserve of small cultured circles. Genius is a blazing star.

GERMANY TO-DAY.

"The Anglo-German Problem." By Charles Sarolea. Nelson. 2s. net.

WHEN Dr. Sarolea wrote his book on the problem now being solved in agony near the French frontier there were a few who understood its profound significance, and read in it not only the menace, but the prophecy of war. The prophecy is fulfilled, the menace a grim reality. His book, "The Anglo-German Problem", should be read and studied by all who wish to piece together bit by bit the story that has led up to this European situation. Here is, indeed, a book of the hour. Dr. Sarolea is well equipped both by birth and cosmopolitan training to analyse the question of the aggression of Germany and her lust for world-power. He does not deal in dreams and illusions; he deals in fact and logical deduction. That he is a Belgian may add weight to his prophecy, but there it is in black and white. No one can now deny the truths of his carefully considered evidence, and he may well be proud that if he has not been listened to in England his own country has not been unprepared and has sprung nobly to the call of blood and patriotism.

The whole thing is thought out as a campaign. His facts are stern battalions. He marshals them like a field marshal. Let us examine the book which confounds those partisans who saw not the menace and turned a dull ear to the prophecy. Dr. Sarolea's examination of the problem is candid and impartial. There are, as he says, two Germanys. There is the peace-loving *bürgerliche* Germany, nurtured on the glorious music of Wagner and Beethoven, the philosophy of Kant, the poetry of Goethe and Schiller: the Germany that is for things holy and high—we acknowledge its noble aims and spirituality. That is the Germany that will suffer most in the struggle. There is the militarist Germany, Prussianised to a rigid perfection, a colossal mechanism based on Bismarck, without soul, without sentiment, bent only on expansion and militarism—a mechanism that will hack and hew its way and reap centuries of suffering to gain its end. This Frankenstein has taken control of Germany, as we see in the Kaiser and his counsellors, and the result is a war in which she has not a single true friend. Instead she is girt on all hands by implacable enemies. That there is dissension even among the militants themselves* in the ranks is not a matter to cause surprise to those who can read into the psychology of nations.

The problem after all is simple, and Dr. Sarolea solves it simply. Germany, like her ruler, is suffering from megalomania—the malady of the parvenu, and Germany is a parvenu. She has seen herself grow from an obscure state to an imperial dominion in an amazingly short time. Indeed, her growth and development have been extraordinary. The legend "Made in Germany" girdles the world. She is not a

* Though there is some dissension among the militants, the English people should on no account be led away into regarding the German nation as disunited at the present time over the war. There is no effective stop-the-war section in Germany to-day.—Ed., "S. R."

nation of shop-keepers; she is the shop-keeper among the nations. With her material prosperity came other dreams, other aims. She was not content with a bloated insularity. She craved for great possessions, world-power was her watchword. She looked round her, thought she saw a frivolous France, an effete Britain, a barbarous Russia. To absorb and assimilate them and make the world one huge Holy German Empire grew a headlong, absorbing passion. For this she added to her armaments, built Dreadnoughts, Zeppelins, cruisers, brought her army to a mechanical perfection seldom reached by a civilised nation. Her secret servants were everywhere swarming. The result we see to-day. Germany has taken the field against the civilised world, and here again the prophetic words of Harden in 1911 have come true—"Uns lebt kein Freund auf der weite Erde (we have no friend in the wide world)". This is her problem in a phrase. It is not jealousy of other nations. In her arrogance Germany conceives herself to be the flower of nations, and to be jealous of other nations would argue inferiority.

Some of the points of Dr. Sarolea's book are worthy of comment, as they have a direct bearing on the immediate European situation. Like other students of international affairs, he foresaw that Belgium once more would be the "cockpit of Europe". "The greatest danger to England", he says, "is not the invasion of England: it is the invasion of France and Belgium... the Achilles heel of the British Empire".

In the chapter on "A Prussian General on the Coming War", in which Dr. Sarolea examines the theories of von Bernhardt, he tells us much that is not only plausible but highly probable. He does not think, for instance, that in the "coming war" victory will depend on mere numbers. He thinks even that numbers may prove a positive danger. "Everything will depend on the fighting qualities of the unit", he says, "on the initiative of the soldier, on the 'personal equation' of the individual". Thus he sums up the matter: "The war of to-morrow will not be like the war of 1870, a war confined to two belligerent forces: it will be a universal European war. Nor will it be a humane war, subject to the rules of international law, and to the decrees of the Hague Tribunal: it will be an inexorable war, or, to use the expression of von Bernhardt, it will be 'a war to the knife'. Nor will it be decided in a few weeks, like the war of 1870: it will involve a long and difficult campaign, or rather a series of campaigns; it will mean to either side political annihilation or supremacy".

Dr. Sarolea thinks that the ultimate issues of the great campaign will depend on the land forces, and that it will be on the Continent, in France or Belgium, that the decisive battles will be fought. Whilst Dr. Sarolea's book is mainly an investigation of Germany's home and military policy directed towards the long preconceived dream of world empire, he does not altogether forget the human side of the picture, as in his review of the Koepenick episode and in his striking character study of the German Kaiser. We heartily recommend the book as a most readable and intelligent study.

SUMMER.

"Summer." By W. Beach Thomas and J. A. K. Collett. Jack. 10s. 6d. net.

THE peace of our English summer is ruined. The noise of armies sounds above all the music of lane and wood and meadow. But if this book brings us nearer to the green robe and the wild things—if it help us to hear, like Jefferies, "the old earth's under-song piercing the modern din", it has come at the right hour.

King James I. professed poetry. In a halting sonnet he conjures Phœbus to help him so "put in verse the Sommer" that his readers "think they fele the burning heat". But though Apollo had no time for James, the King was only asking for what

poets have still required—and some have won—the young god's ear. For he is a poor poet of summer whose thought brings the sun no nearer to us. Let him dwell continually in its temple. Let his verse be of the burning road and the cloudless sky. Let him give high praise to flaming June and welcome hot July.

From the book under our notice the poetry of summer is not absent. The authors breathe and give the spirit of the mid-year, and they tell the slow procession of the months. June, "the top of the year", is only at the gate; Spring has not yet gone. July is the between-time, the year's noon-day sleep, the month when "things stand still". August, "in garment all of gold down to the ground", brings us within sight of the end, and after Lammas Day the harvest begins to change the face of the world. They have made no exact book of natural philosophy. It is a quiet record of the observations of men who have walked abroad with their eyes, who have left the high-road for by-way and burn, and who know the shepherd's calendar better than most of us know our lineal measure. It is a book of birds and flowers and streams—a summer book—a book to be read lazily, on a lazy day. In many hidden places these naturalists have kept silent watch. They know the secrets of the river bed and the precarious life that is lived in the hayfield and among the deep English grasses. The yellow wasp has a chapter to himself. "There is no creature who gives you more for your money than the wasp. The more you watch hive-bees the deeper you are plunged into the abysses of a splendid self-sacrificing, almost intellectual socialism; but everything is at this stage in the insect's development cruelly accurate and mechanical. The wasp is above all things adaptable. With every experiment you evoke new arts; and, *experto crede*, the wasp is the less angry and venomous of the two insects". This is no unconsidered praise of an allowed enemy. Experiments made at the nest of *Vespa Arenaria* have established his reputation as workman and builder. Our own traffic with him has been strictly inimical. Gunpowder and chloroform, perhaps, do not show him at his best. But he is degenerate before he dies. With the advancing year and the consequent slackening of labour the communal spirit is quenched and the wasp becomes in fact the savage that our imagination always paints him.

In their notes on sea life the authors have raised an interesting point on the question of animal colouration. In spite of much argument, there is reason to suppose that colours have not an economic significance. But the colour of the sea-anemone serves a warning purpose, for many anemones possess long stinging threads. In lighter vein is the chapter on Butterfly flight. "One of the proudest and most graceful spectacles in summer life is the flight of male purple emperors round their chosen oaks". Only those who have seen these beauties (every summer they become rarer) know the indefinable grace with which they pursue their "proud game". Possibly it was such flight as this that inspired the graceful mimicry of Grieg's "Papillons". But it is of birds that they have most to say. They know well the singers and their songs; and they know that the morning song is the best song, and that the supremacy of the nightingale has been won for him by time and circumstance. "If the poets had been early risers we should have heard as much of the blackbird". The work is profusely illustrated. In the reproduction from the big canvases we feel that the pictures have lost something of character. Mr. Seaby's pen drawings in the text are sympathetic, and add much to the general charm of the book.

THE LITTLE GODS.

"Amulets." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Constable. 21s. net.

IF a day were ever to come when knowledge could finally annihilate imagination we should hear no more of the wearing of amulets. Not yet, however,

has the world acknowledged the rule of pure mechanics. Aviators and motorists do not seem satisfied to put their trust in engines, but must deck their vehicles with curious little figures of wool and wire, and so present us with the curious spectacle of an alliance between the latest triumphs of inventive genius and certain childish toys. An actor-manager has been known to leaven the hard sense of the box-office by faith in the power of some mascot to draw hard cash. An English Prime Minister, whose Whips could not keep a majority, wore a swastika for luck, and, as Professor Flinders Petrie says scornfully, has been heard "talking heartily about it to uneducated boys". Man, having "fear and hope and phantasy and awe", leaves no stone unturned as he makes his quest for good fortune. Even if many hold the great gods are dead, the little gods are surely with us still.

Explaining the principle of amulets, Professor Flinders Petrie remarks that whilst modern superstitions are for the most part individual and haphazard, the ancient practice was founded on well defined if ridiculous laws. A common habit was to wear a token in the shape of some part of the body, such as the heart, in the hope that the evil spirit would attack it by mistake. This was the doctrine of "doubles", and its opposite is found in that of "similars", for the sign of a broken heart might be carried to suggest that the harm had already been done and that its repetition would, therefore, be useless. A white shell worn on the forehead naturally attracts the human eye, and so it was supposed also to divert the evil eye. Vicarious magic is seen in the custom of spitting on a frog with the intention that it should carry away a cough. Often the boundary between the uses of talismans and primitive medical remedies was very vague; often, we fancy, the medicine was of no more value than the charm. These things take us back to days of black ignorance, but there is fascination in watching the first attempts to work out a law of cause and effect. Likely enough these amulets were not without efficacy if their wearers were not without faith.

As we turn the pages of this book, especially those on which are so admirably illustrated the Egyptian collection in University College, London, we fall under a great wonder. In all these relics of the tombs there seems a mingling of belief and doubt. What did they think about these dead whom they buried with so great ceremony? Actually, their thoughts must have been very like our own, and in a like confusion. Knowing so many who have died, there yet are few of us who think of them as dead. We picture them as they were. It was the same with the Egyptians. They buried with them what the living need. They fancied them eating and drinking, owning property, needing slaves, loving, and bearing children. Lest they should in time forget their names, they were put in the tombs wearing large beads with an inscription not unlike that of a modern visiting card. And yet, from all these amulets, we must suspect the beginnings of doubt. An exquisitely carved piece of quartz crystal represents a joint of meat, but it is no larger than a plum stone. The vases and bottles would not hold drink to satisfy a sparrow, and some of them, we believe, were not even hollow. Symbols had begun to take the place of genuine offerings. Dead faith, it might be rashly said, was burying dead love; but there is little warrant for such a saying. We must merely accept that the Egyptian, like ourselves, was exceedingly confused, thinking always of death in terms of life, and yet realising so cruelly that the dead have passed beyond ordinary human aid. The symbol survived the idea that first prompted it, but for all that it may not have been quite empty. In France they talk now of "la religion sans la foi" as a necessity of the times; but it is not always that political formula which makes the self-styled agnostic bend the knee before the altar in Notre Dame, nor is the act wholly a matter of good manners. Faith without religion might almost be the truer explanation. When the great gods are cried to be dead, we start wondering whether the little gods may not be lurking under every unturned stone.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

"Oriental Rugs, Antique and Modern." By W. A. Hawley. Colour and Half-Tone Illustrations. John Lane. 42s. net.

WE will not tell Mr. Walter Hawley that his book is perfect. He knows too much about his subject to believe us if we did. But we may safely go as far as to say that it satisfies most of the canons of perfection. We regret that our knowledge of Oriental rugs is insignificant beside his, and that the task of cramming up the subject from encyclopædias, in order to impress our readers, is beyond us. Thus failing in the traditional duties of the reviewer we can but modestly point out what admirable qualities Mr. Hawley's book contains.

The first essential for a book dealing with so special a subject is knowledge; the second, ability to make the knowledge readily accessible. Other graces may be added without doing any harm. Seldom have we found a book written on the arts and crafts so equipped with practical knowledge. Whether it is dyes and their sources, native looms, wools, knots or designs and symbols, Mr. Hawley always seems to have studied the thing at first hand. His treatment of particular types of rugs, one by one, is strikingly thorough and useful. Turning up Kirmans, for instance, we get first geographical and historical notes; then a suggested explanation of the special excellence of the weave and dyes used in Kirman, with reference to the silkworms, the sheep and goats, and then a general summary of the broad principles of Kirman colour and design. Finally, a separate paragraph contains what are called "type characteristics". For example—"Colours, principally grey or ivory with minor quantities of fawn, yellow, rose and blue. Knot, Sehna. Knots to inch: horizontally, eleven to twenty; perpendicularly, eleven to twenty. The rows of knots are pressed down so that the warp is concealed and the weft partly hidden at back". And so on, aptly suggesting the characteristics of warp, weft, pile, border, ends, and texture, and stating usual measurements.

An index of extraordinary consideration gives us the run of all this detailed research. Mr. Hawley seems to have kept before him in the foreground the kind of demands students and collectors would make upon his book. And since such forethought seldom endures into an index we will quote a typical entry in Mr. Hawley's. "Tekke rugs, 101, . . . , illustration of prayer arch of . . . ; S design in, . . . ; selvage at sides of Beluchistans similar to that of, . . . ; rugs described, . . . ;" and so on. Casual readers and authors whose passion for making a thorough job of it becomes fatigued may smile when we affirm that an index such as this deserves the gratitude and homage of all who use books. We have lately had to track down isolated references in unindexed volumes of four hundred or so pages, and we know. Further instances of the practical value of this book are chapters on "How to Distinguish Rugs" and "Purchasing Rugs", which in a time-honoured phrase will endear the author to a wide public of serious students. And lastly, we must note that the diagrams explanatory of design evolution, the half-tone plates and colour reproductions are worthy of so thorough and scholarly a work, which moreover is never dull because Mr. Hawley never loses sight of the human striving and conditions that produced this side of Oriental art.

NOVELS.

"Jenny Cartwright." By George Stevenson. John Lane. 6s.

It seems a pity that Mr. Stevenson should think it necessary literally to "harrow our souls". At the same time there is a certain perhaps almost morbid enjoyment to be procured from his lurid and depressing plot. People are said in common parlance to "enjoy bad health". So we with Mr. Stevenson's

book. The writing is fine and clean, the characters remarkably well drawn; but the story itself is dreadful. Two murders and many deaths! In fact, Mr. Stevenson has quite a habit of killing off his characters when they have done their necessary work. There are so many other ways of disposing of them, that it seems a pity to rely upon one. Jenny Cartwright herself is a capital study—not unlike Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede". She moves through the book a compelling personality, and, imbued with a mystical faith, she dies a felon's death to save her father's soul from hell, and incidentally to save her uncle from the gallows. Mr. Stevenson is a keen observer of human nature, and his minor characters, mostly country folk, are drawn with wit and humour.

"Wild Honey." By Cynthia Stockley. Constable. 6s.

"She lifted her lips to him, to take or leave, and knew that if he left them they would go lonely all life long, which was no more than she had deserved who had played fast and loose with love. But he did not leave them. Once more she tasted the strange, fragrant flavour of wild honey, and knew that at last this fantastic land of strange flowers and heavy scents, of silence and song, cruelty and beauty, was for her, as he was for her. Africa was wild honey. The love of Kerry Vigne was wild honey, and she could never content herself with any other."

Miss Stockley is wrong. This is not honey. Golden syrup is the word.

"The Swindler and Other Stories." By Ethel M. Dell. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

Miss Dell is very fond of a certain type of hero. He is generally ugly, or at any rate his plainness is only relieved by a pair of keen, steel-blue eyes (very searching in quality); but his courage is beyond dispute and his intuition such that he turns up at all crises in the heroine's career with unfailing, if mysterious, regularity. The hero of the first of these stories very closely resembles him of "The Way of an Eagle", Miss Dell's first and very successful novel. In fact, all her heroes seem to be cousins of the same family.

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